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SINCLAIR'S MILLIONS may keep him out of jail, but his name stinks. The time may even come when it will be impossible to find in Washington a jury of men and women so illiterate that they have never heard of his crimes. The whole long process has been a revelation of the ease with which money can warp the law to its own ends. It was four years after the elder La Follette exposed the Teapot Dome scandal in the United States Senate that the Supreme Court denounced the crooked leases in the civil suit for their recovery, and the criminal suit against the conspirators has only just come to trial. And under what circumstances! Sinclair's right-hand men skulk in Europe, and the Government cannot bring them back. The jurymen who judge him must be such weak-minded morons that they have never heard of the Supreme Court's denunciation or formed an opinion of this scoundrel's guilt. The trial is held up for days by legal quibblings over the question whether Sinclair's previous testimony before a Senate committee will be admitted in evidence: and the court's decision is that it may not—the jury cannot hear his former admissions. He and his associates refuse to answer questions on the ground that to do so might incriminate them—yet the jury may not hold that against them! And finally, it is discovered that the unscrupulous scalawag has hired a corps of Burns detectives to shadow jurymen, inquire into the mortgages on their houses and into their debts and friendships—for no conceivable purpose except to browbeat or bribe them. Yet this man is one of the leaders of American business, allied even in the Teapot Dome deal with the Standard Oil, and the employer of Cabinet officers and President's sons.

OIL MEN GO FREE while awaiting trial, but Donato Carillo and Calogero Grecco, anti-Fascist Italians, have spent five months in the Bronx County jail, New York City, hoping daily for legal action on their case. They are accused of killing two Fascists in the Memorial Day parade last June; but a group of Italian and American liberals believe that they are in jail only because their Fascist opponents want them out of the way and have succeeded in persuading the New York police to do Mussolini's dirty work for him. Giacomo B. Caldora, president of the Duce Fascist Alliance, has told the story of this plot. Caldora was formerly high in Fascist circles; but, he says, he split with his associates when they sought to avenge their own dead by railroading innocent men through the law courts. It is alleged that the detective in charge of the investigation is himself an active Fascist. There seems to be no doubt that anti-Fascists killed Fascists on May 30, and the murderers should be discovered and punished; but vicarious atonement by innocent men in political sympathy with the guilty men is hardly a sound principle of justice. Norman Thomas, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York, is chairman of the committee which is raising funds for the defense.

MAYOR THOMPSON of Chicago has had "words" with the directors of the Chicago Public Library and the directors of the library have had words with his Honor. The directors say:

> . . . We believe these books should be supplied to the library patrons that they may be acquainted with every shade of opinion. In this the Chicago Public Library is like all other libraries in the world, a depository of human thought; consequently much of its contents are contradictory. This exchange and freedom of thought we consider the primary function of a library and in keeping with the American ideal of a free press.

To this the Mayor could only reply:

> As your views evidently do not agree with those of the people and as you are expending the taxpayers' money against the will of the people as expressed at the polls, the honest thing for you to do is to resign.

Surely the situation has passed beyond the bounds of adult controversy, and the twenty-nine civic organizations which have just drawn up a protest against the antics of their exuberant Mayor have made a worthy but futile gesture. The Chicago Women's Club, the Chicago Church Federation, the Women's Trade Union League, and the Young Women's Christian Association are among the groups represented, all of them being part of the Joint Committee on Public School Affairs.

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OBVIOUSLY THE ADMINISTRATION intends to make an impression on the Sixth Pan-American Conference when it opens in Havana, Cuba, on January 16. President Coolidge will go down to deliver the opening address; and in the whole history of American diplomacy we do not recall any list of delegates to a diplomatic conference so imposing as the roster of the men we will send to Cuba—Charles Evans Hughes; Henry P. Fletcher, former Ambassador to Chile, Mexico, and Belgium, and now to Italy; ex-Senator Oscar W. Underwood; Dwight W. Morrow, who has just left J. P. Morgan and Co. for the ambassadorship to Mexico; former Justice Morgan J. O'Brien; James Brown Scott of the Carnegie Endowment; Ray Lyman Wilbur, president of the Leland Stanford University; Leo S. Rowe, director-general of the Pan-American Union; and the new Ambassador to Cuba, who has not yet been named. The occasion is regarded, the Washington dispatches say, as "an opportunity to remove misunderstandings." Ex-Senator Poindexter has just returned from his embassy in Peru with news that South America is alive with fear and hatred of the United States; the same newspapers that announced this delegation carried the story of another "battle" in Nicaragua, in which one United States marine was wounded and six Nicaraguans killed. As Ex-Senator Poindexter points out, every such battle is heralded throughout Latin America as new evidence of Yankee imperialism. It will be hard to remove such "misunderstandings"; it is even possible that the Latins understand the significance of our policy better than do the people of the United States.

JAPAN'S WORKINGMEN cast their first ballots at the elections of members of the prefectural councils in September; and the results were anxiously watched as the first test of the new universal manhood-suffrage law. The government party led, with 602 candidates elected; the Opposition won 522 seats—a closer vote than was anticipated. But the most interesting sign was the appearance for the first time at a Japanese election of official representatives of Labor. The Government's repression of early attempts at the formation of Farmer-Labor parties had succeeded in splitting the Labor forces into four groups; but the embryonic parties nominated 200 candidates and elected 26 of them—twice as many as the Government expected. The Ronoto, most radical and outspoken of the groups, led by Ikuo Oyama, who last year was forced to resign his professorship of political science at Waseda University, won 23 of the 26 Labor seats; and in the seaport city of Kobe a Labor candidate led the poll. Politics in Japan are notoriously corrupt; Mr. Oyama's "radicalism" consisted largely in the bitterness of his attack upon bipartisan graft. Even relatively conservative journals express the hope that the advent of these pioneer Laborites will exercise a restraining influence and look forward to further Labor gains in the parliamentary elections of 1928.

S. PARKER GILBERT, the able American who is serving as Agent General of Reparations in Germany, has published the vigorous memorandum which he addressed on October 20 to the German Government. He warned it against its mounting expenses, suggesting that the proposal to increase the salaries of its civil employees, to give indemnities for private property lost during the war, and to increase school expenditures menaced the equilibrium of the budget. He objected particularly to the growing indebtedness of the states and communes—which seem to have borrowed more than $650,000,000 abroad—and he concluded that, despite Germany's extraordinary success in reconstruction, there were evidences of "overspending and overborrowing," of "artificial stimulation and overexpansion" which, if unchecked, would lead to severe economic depression and endanger the reparations payments. The German officials think Mr. Gilbert's fears exaggerated. Hitherto he has been an optimist, but any economist must regard the increased payments due in 1928 with a certain awe and doubt. What impresses us most, however, is the spectacle of this "unofficial" American lecturing the Reich on its finances. Mr. Gilbert was not appointed by the American Government, but he is inevitably regarded as its spokesman, and through it as the spokesman of the Americans who have lent hundreds of millions of dollars to Germany. Will Germany heed his warning? If not, what will we do about it? Our financial overlordship of the world is leading us into deep waters.

THE GAIN BY THE LABOR PARTY of more than a hundred new seats in the local elections just held in England and Scotland has this year a particular significance. Labor majorities in many borough and town councils and boards of guardians, and strong Labor minorities in many more, have, since the war, been a source of bitter annoyance to the Conservatives. By their power to vote unemployment and poor relief, these Labor councilors have won the support of large working-class constituencies, a support which in the long run is translated into votes for Labor in the general election. Labor councilors, such as George Lansbury and Susan Lawrence, have gone to prison for voting appropriations for relief in their boroughs, which have been judged "unreasonable" by the auditors. Going to prison has, of course, only had the further effect of increasing their popularity and that of the Labor Party; both Susan Lawrence and George Lansbury are now in Parliament. The Conservatives have tried by various devices to discredit the local Labor authorities and limit their power over the taxpayers' money. Parliament has tightened the control of the auditors—appointed by the Ministry of Health—and has changed the penalty for recalcitrant councilors from a prison sentence to disbarment from office for five years. It is encouraging to see the prompt answer of the voters to this effort to eliminate and undermine Labor's local representatives.

LEON TROTZKY AND GREGORY ZINOVIEV have been expelled both from the Executive Committee of the Communist International and from the Central Committee and Central Controlling Commission of the Communist Party. "Autocratic usurpers," "cheats," "despots," and "voting rabble rounded up to give a semblance of authority to the decrees of self-appointed dictators" are among the epithets which Trotzky is reported to have hurled at the Stalin-Bukharin bloc which ousted him. It remains to be seen whether Trotzky and his associates will be permitted to remain within the Communist Party, and what they will do if they are expelled. It has been the boast of Russian Communists that however rigid their control of politics outside their party, within that charmed circle criticism was free. Evidently Trotzky was too much for them to bear. His worst crime appears to have been the

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reprinting, on a secret non-Communist press, of Lenin's last "testament," and it is amusing to recall Lenin's words:

> Comrade Stalin, having become general secretary, has concentrated an enormous power in his hands; and I am not sure that he always knows how to use that power with sufficient caution. On the other hand Comrade Trotzky . . . is distinguished not only by his exceptional abilities—personally he is, to be sure, the most able man in the present Central Committee—but also by his too far-reaching self-confidence and a disposition to be too much attracted by the purely administrative side of affairs.
>
> These two qualities of the two most able leaders of the present Central Committee might, quite innocently, lead to a split. . . .
>
> Stalin is too rough, and this fault, entirely supportable in relations among us Communists, becomes insupportable in the office of general secretary. Therefore I propose to the comrades to find a way to remove Stalin from that position and appoint to it another man who differs from Stalin—more patient, more loyal, more polite, and more attentive to comrades, less capricious, etc.

WHEN KING GEORGE'S WHISKERS were replaced on the South African stamps by springboks and other local flora and fauna one weighty step in the development of South African nationality was taken. But the question of a flag for the South African Union presented greater difficulties. The Nationalists left the Union Jack entirely out of their original design, whereupon the old British stock tumultuously set out to prove that the theory of British stolidity was a myth. To judge by the temperature of the talk, civil war was narrowly averted. The Government lost something of its Dutch stubbornness. After the era of good feeling initiated by the Imperial Conference, General Hertzog proposed a compromise flag—the flag of Van Riebeek, the founder of the original Cape Colony, with broad orange, white, and blue horizontal stripes, a quartered shield to be set in the middle of the white stripe. One quarter of this shield was to bear the old Transvaal flag, one the Free State, one the Union Jack, and one four stars—to fill up. But patriotic Britons calculated that the Union Jack covered only one sixty-fourth of the whole, and demanded the shield alone as a substitute for this flag. The oratorical war broke out anew. The Rev. Van der Merwe stirred the cohorts by proclaiming that the shield was a mere "scab on the flag" which in due course would fall off. Now the Government has made further concessions. The shield is dropped; instead the three old flags are together to fill a third of the broad white stripe, so that the Union Jack mounts to one twenty-seventh of the whole flag's space; and in Natal always and in certain cities on state occasions the Union Jack will fly alongside the South African emblem. Apparently, everybody—for the time being—is happy. But some day the majority race of South Africa may demand a great black square in the flag—and if Negroes are civilized into becoming as big fools as white men, that will be another pretty row.

TEACHING IS STILL the chief function of our colleges and their faculties should consist of teachers, in the view of Ernest Hatch Wilkins, recently inaugurated as president of Oberlin. In his inaugural address Dr. Wilkins, who was formerly professor of Romance languages in the University of Chicago and for three years dean of its College of Arts, Literature, and Sciences, said that "If the teaching is good, the college is a good college, even though its plant be inadequate and its athletic stars be dim. If the teaching is poor, the college is a poor college, even though it have a Freshman Week and a psychiatrist." In regard to research among the teachers Dr. Wilkins defined his position thus:

> I have been clear enough, I hope, in my insistence that for college purposes excellence in teaching is the main thing. I do not regard interest in research as a necessary concomitant of college teaching. And I deplore the wasted energy of men who, under extrinsic pressure, attempt research though they have no gift for it. But if a man has, in addition to teaching ability, the gift of research—if he has really, in the intellectual domain, the adventurous spirit of the pioneer, if he combines wide-ranging imagination and infinite patience—then that gift is to be cultivated as a precious thing: precious not only because of the inherent value of its results, but precious because if rightly utilized in connection with his teaching it may vivify that teaching in the highest degree.

IT WAS STRANGE to find the rebel Shaw defending the apostle of castor oil as a cure for civil discontent. But it remained for Mussolini's censors to cap the comedy by reediting G. B. S.'s apologia for their chief, and for Gaetamo Salvemini to bring their antics to the light in a letter to the *Manchester Guardian*. "Mussolini achieved a dictatorship," Shaw wrote, "after marching to Rome with a force of blackshirts *which a single disciplined regiment backed by a competent Government could have routed at any moment.*" When Shaw's remarks were reprinted in Italy, the censors cut out the words which we italicize; they did not harmonize with the official Fascist myth. Shaw wrote: "To tell us that Mussolini's extraordinary success was achieved by *murdering one hostile deputy and* administering castor oil to his supporters is childish." The censors omitted the murder, and changed the word "supporters" into "adversaries." At another point they inserted into Shaw's text a whole series of remarks of their own. Mr. Shaw has thundered at censors before; will he now renounce his sudden love, or, as Salvemini suggests, has "Kate at long last met her Petruchio"? Must some new dramatist write "The Taming of the Shaw"?

POLICEMEN IN AUTOMOBILES to keep the crowds in order, 57,000 people come to view the body which lay in state for four days, $100,000 worth of flowers—one piece rumored to have come from the Prince of Wales—breathless crowds standing all day in a cold November wind, crowding the church, fainting, moaning, crying—these were the dramatic periods that marked the funeral of a dancer and comedienne; this was the last gesture to Florence Mills by the members of two races, but chiefly of her own. Nor would we begrudge her one flower, one tear; she made thousands of people laugh; she could sing in a weird, wild way; she could dance. Most of all she was herself, and, being herself, she joined that small group of persons whose genius rests on their personality. That she was a Negro made it harder at first for her to get a hearing outside her own race, and after she once got started it made things easier for her. She was unique, and therefore wonderful. Inevitably she opened a path for other Negro performers: she did not need to present her race with laughter—they had it already; she presented an alien race with a strange, new kind of laughter, she made them like it, and they will demand it again and again.

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Bloody Colorado

IT is the old, old, bloody story, with a few 1927 trimmings. The miners move from mine to mine today in motor cars; but when the coal company puts them out of the company houses they move into tent colonies that are no warmer than the Ludlow tent colony into which the State machine-guns poured their soft-nosed bullets on that gory April 20, 1914. A twenty-year-old bobbed-haired Mexican girl named Rosia, the Associated Press reports, leads the women's picket-lines in place of old Mother Jones, whom the mine police held incomunicado for ten weeks in 1914; but Rosia is old enough to recall that two of her brothers were killed in the coal war thirteen years ago. The memories of that war still dominate the canyons and arroyas of Southern Colorado; at Ludlow stands a statue of a miner and a miner's wife, with a child in her arms; and the inscription on the monument reads:

> To the memory of the men, women, and children who lost their lives in freedom's cause at Ludlow, Colorado, April 20, 1914. Erected by the United Mine Workers of America.

Not the United Mine Workers, but the Industrial Workers of the World are leading the fight in 1927. The reason lies in the history of the company-union plan devised by W. L. MacKenzie King, present Prime Minister of Canada, and put into effect by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., the largest stockholder in the Colorado Fuel and Mine Co., which dominates the mine field of that State. Mr. Rockefeller refused to deal with the more conservative union; and the result is that today a more radical union has his mines tied up and idle; and the company officials are insisting that without the aid of the dreaded State militia they can do nothing but close down or capitulate. Company unionism has raised its own tombstone.

There were strikes in Colorado—violent, bloody, frontier strikes in 1883, 1893, and 1903. In 1903 the companies came near to crushing the United Mine Workers; and thereafter they preferred foreign-born labor. Then came the historic strike of 1913-14. The companies owned the mine towns—their streets, houses, Y. M. C. A.'s, schools; and the striking workers were ejected from their homes on twenty-four hours' notice. The union housed them and their children in flimsy tents through the snowy winter, and the strike held strong. The militia kept searchlights playing on the tent colonies all night long; State troopers with drawn swords rode down parades of protesting miners' wives; the Governor ordered the newspapers not to print "news calculated to injure the State"; union organizers were shot in cold blood. Finally one morning the militia, led by an officer who told his men to "shoot every God damned thing that moves," poured death into the Ludlow colony and set the tents afire. Beneath one cellar floor two miners' wives and eleven children were found dead the next day, and estimates of the dead ran from twenty-five to forty-five.

Against that grim background the Rockefeller Plan was born. Mr. Rockefeller said that he would rather lose all the millions invested in the coal-fields than recognize the union there. The operators refused the Governor's proposals of mediation and even Woodrow Wilson's plan for a three-year truce. But when the strike was well over and the ashes of Ludlow were cold, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co. installed its famous Employee-Representation Plan, one of the first and certainly the most-advertised of American company-union plans.

It would be pointless here to analyze the details of that plan. It was exhaustively studied and analyzed by two investigators for the Russell Sage Foundation in 1921. (Selekman and Van Kleeck: "Employees' Representation in Management: the Colorado Fuel and Iron Co.") The company superintendents did their best to make the men vote for representatives under that plan and to take an interest in its workings. Undoubtedly Mr. Rockefeller and his associates were genuinely concerned to develop a system of company unionism which might satisfy the men without taking control of their organization out of the company hands. They did give the miners better homes and schools, clubs and bathhouses, and a method, which sometimes worked, for preventing arbitrary discharge. But the miners knew that the plan was invented to defeat their union; it was operated by their bosses. Where they were allowed to, they continued their own organization.

In 1919 the company's workers joined in the national coal strike, and there were smaller strikes, despite the company-union plan, in 1921 and 1922. And now in 1927 the company's mines are closed. Its steel mill has had to stop for lack of coal, and its railway has ceased running. The company defeated the United Mine Workers, but the I. W. W. has taken its place. The mine workers even charge that the companies encouraged the I. W. W., hoping thus to divide the workers and crush both unions.

Must we have more Ludlows before the right of Colorado miners to have their own unions can be recognized? The story of the last few weeks is painfully and perilously reminiscent. The strike was called to begin on October 16. On the night of October 15 a gang of thugs, who advertised themselves as vigilantes upholding law and order, broke in the door of the I. W. W. hall in Walsenburg and sacked the place. According to the Denver *Post* and the Pueblo *Chieftain* other bands of armed citizens took the law into their own hands and attempted forcibly to deport the members of the I. W. W. But these Colorado miners are made of stern stuff. They did not flinch; they continued to strike. The walk-out spread. Singing pickets rode in their flivvers from mine to mine, carrying the news. The wives and sisters went along for the holiday, and when mine guards stood in the way they led the picket-lines. Scores were arrested; the miners announced that if pickets were being arrested they would fill the jails to overflowing. They refuse to plead guilty or not guilty: picketing, they say, is not a crime. The State Industrial Commission refuses to hear their plea on the ground that the I. W. W. is not a representative union, despite the evidence of the idle mines. The Governor has denounced the strike as "un-American," ordered the National Guard to be recruited up to full strength, sent airplanes to watch the picketers, and dispatched a group of national-guard officers to warn the workers against picketing on pain of martial law—and there the matter now stands.

It sounds perilously like 1914.

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The Harvard War Memorial

ONE million dollars is the sum sought of Harvard graduates for the war memorial in memory of those Harvard men who died—on the Allied side; those who died because they conscientiously believed in Germany and her cause are not to be so honored, if we are correctly informed. Of this large sum not much over half has been subscribed. The reason for this is not difficult to seek: It is because a great modern church is to be erected on the site of the historic Appleton Chapel opposite to the Widener Library, thus further dwarfing, if not ruining, what is left of open space in that part of the College Yard.

Appleton Chapel is not a thing of great beauty; it belongs to no school or period, but it has been there a long time and, what is more important, it completely fills the need for a college church. But now it must go and the million dollars to come are not, as has been suggested, to recreate some beautiful old colonial church, say by Bulfinch; it is to build a tremendous modern cathedral of an entirely different type. The money is not to be productive. The income from it is not to help to do away with war and make impossible further useless sacrifices of young Harvard lives. It is not to be made into a foundation using its income to aid struggling students or in supplying some of the spiritual needs of the university. No, it is to go into a brick-and-mortar structure far larger than is needed, and Harvard graduates are being told that "the honor of Harvard demands that this honor of her sons be lastingly recognized." Jewish and Catholic graduates are being dunned like the rest for this Protestant memorial.

This blundering is the more remarkable because Harvard has on its own grounds the ghastliest example of war-memorial folly to be found anywhere. Memorial Hall, a monument of post-Civil War ugliness, stands unused near the Chapel. Long a dining-hall and the scene of Commencement exercises, it is now utilized for concerts and scattering lectures. It cannot be torn down, and no project has yet been worked out for remodeling and reconstructing it—no one dared suggest that the new war-memorial money be utilized to make a valuable structure out of the old Memorial Hall. No better proof could be given of the folly of attempting to build a monument for the taste and uses of the future. Yet the cry for a great big fashionable church goes on, and the *Harvard Alumni Bulletin* has been voicing with irritation a put-up-or-shut-up policy in reply to the many letters of protest which it has been receiving. It has declared the issue settled by the vote of certain organizations of alumni, and that is all there is to it. The error is not to be corrected.

Fortunately, men are continuing to speak out against it. Owen Wister, than whom no man was bloodthirstier in the war days, finds the proposed church out of place, and so does John Mead Howells, the architect who made the original suggestion that if it be a church it be a beautiful Bulfinch creation. The truth is that the day has gone by for this sort of memorial. Sensible people do not try any more to connect God and war. The small attendance at chapel will look ridiculous under its vaulted arches; if it is built there ought at least to be a Catholic chapel and a Jewish synagogue to keep it company. If Harvard University were as wise and as far-sighted as it is old and big, it would refuse to build any visible monument whatever.

An Enemy Worth Having

MOST personal organs, whether issued by an individual or a coterie, suffer in common from a distressing sort of anemia. Whether radical or conservative, devoted to imagism or to deep breathing, they look, feel, and taste so much alike that one can remember nothing about them except that they are printed on soft paper and bound up like one of Mr. Otto Kahn's speeches. Nothing of the sort can be said, however, of the substantial quarterly, *The Enemy*, edited and for the most part written by Wyndham Lewis. It is full of fresh ideas and intellectual excitement.

Mr. Lewis, who, by the way, recently visited America in a spirit less condescending than is usual with his countrymen, devotes most of the present issue of *The Enemy* to American affairs. He has one trait (and probably only one) in common with our own Mr. Mencken. That trait is the result of an insatiable interest in every phenomenon of contemporary society combined with a capacity to make an original comment on each. Whitehead is not too abstruse for him, nor Ring Lardner too popular, and in the midst of a discussion on Alexander's time philosophy he can see just how Anita Loos's fiction illustrates one of the most important tendencies of our age. Pages could not contain a catalog of his enthusiasms or his hates. He believes, for example, that Mencken and others have presented America with an inferiority complex which finds its expression in Sherwood Anderson's dithyrambs over the Negro; and he believes that the New York skyscraper is less the result of the narrowness of our island than of the competitive advertising of Big Business working among a people who have assumed that the biggest business will have the biggest skyscraper. In literature he is against James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, and all Montparnasse. He is against Mr. Lawrence's "dark God within" and against the "revolt of Asia" implied in Bolshevism. He is also against Bergson's philosophy of change, and he invents interesting classifications like the "time mind" and the "cult of the child" by which he can link James Joyce with Henri Bergson or Gertrude Stein with Anita Loos.

Mr. Lewis is a radical in the literal sense of the word—he is looking for the roots of things and as he digs down after them the dirt flies. But he accepts, on the other hand, very few of the dogmas of current radicalism and he is no part of the dominant Spirit of the Age. He sees no reason why the opponents of certain "radical" tendencies should confine themselves to dull platitude nor why all the daring and brilliance should be on one side. Perhaps, indeed, he is really that very rare and hence very valuable thing, an intelligent conservative who, for example, can criticize the ideals of the modern revolution without thereby implying that he thinks President Coolidge is a great statesman, and who can also have interesting doubts about James Joyce without suggesting any suspicion that he considers Thomas Nelson Page the greatest writer yet produced in America. As such we welcome him. For all those who fear to see radicalism solidify into dogma, the free play of his robustly critical mind and the suggestiveness of his opinions will be the source of delight. Even those who believe most firmly in all that he doubts will do well to read him, for he is an enemy worth having in a day when radicals seldom have a chance to match themselves against any except second-rate minds.

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It Seems To Heywood Broun

A LITTLE biology is a dangerous thing. Particularly if it happens to be part of the equipment of a young Englishman. Let an Englishman putter around a laboratory for a year or so and he will emerge to write a novel, or a defense of the empire, or an essay on women. John Langdon-Davies took anthropology as well as biology and so his essay has become a whole book called "A Short History of Women." Biology and anthropology are both beautiful sciences to play around with. Like a good anecdote either serves to score any point you please; that is as soon as you get away from the strict confines of the particular science. For instance, here in America, it can be proved anthropologically that our immigration laws are right and excellent. It can be proved that they are all wrong. The deciding factor is the emotional complexion of the scientist who happens to be writing the article.

This is not to say that Mr. Langdon-Davies has done an unworthy book. My quarrel may be kept within small compass. To be sure I do prefer the biologists who refrain from taking a moral tone. It seems to me possible that Mr. Langdon-Davies has been unfair to "a worm-like animal called Bonellia." It is the male which moves him to indignation. "We must assume," he writes, "that in Bonellia, to be a male is part of the reward of successful parasitism, a reward purchased at the price which has always to be paid by parasites—beastly degeneracy." Now some of my best friends are parasites. It would not be impossible to write a defense of parasitism. Much of the grace, softness, and beauty of the world comes from those who cling and are supported. Even the Bible has kind words for the lilies of the field which spin no more than the male Bonellia does.

But what I had in mind was a defense of women. Langdon-Davies treats the more radical feminists almost as rudely as if they too were worm-like animals. Much that they say seems to him the most arrant sort of rubbish. It is reasonable enough to be indignant with anyone who misstates a present fact. A milder sort of impatience may be manifested against those who falsify events of the past, but when the future comes up for discussion I hold it is no part of wisdom to dismiss abruptly any guess, however fantastic may be its garment. In many fields the gift of prophecy is not given even to the scientific. And Langdon-Davies should know this, for in his book he quotes certain statements of men honored in their day whose words now seem to have dwindled to myth and superstition. Today's axiom can be tomorrow's folly.

God set a great, deep gulf between "This has not happened" and "This can never be." The younger biologist is far too sharp and short with "the ridiculous assertions of a certain type of extreme feminist who would have us believe that women, educated and trained like men, would have the muscles and stamina of men." "Women," this author decides, "are by nature the weaker sex." And he is dogmatic, too, in declaring, "No amount of gymnastics will make women on an average as muscular as men." Readily enough I will agree that at the moment of going to press women, by and large, seem less athletic than men. I rather think that this will still be true two weeks from Thursday. But, being no scientist at all, I should hesitate to hazard just what will happen one thousand years come Monday. Indeed, there is reason to quarrel with the phrase "by nature." I have heard a hundred things which men and women must deny themselves for all time because Nature is in opposition. But do these young biologists assume that natural law makes no provision for amendment? Nature is still going on and has never joined the standpat party. Perhaps she cannot spin about on a dime like the more fluid politicians, but give her time and Nature is quite competent to change her mind and ways completely. If in the course of ages there seems good reason to put male and female persons upon a physical parity Nature is quite capable of arranging it even at the expense of disturbing the biological dogma of John Langdon-Davies.

Nor am I at all certain that at least a close approximation of prowess may not be nearer than any of the laboratory men assume. They go, these scientists, to such obscure corners for proofs and tokens. The short historian of women bases many of his conclusions upon investigations made by Dr. Ales Hrdlicka among the Indians of North America. Among these findings Langdon-Davies records the fact, "Although women work hard all their lives among the Indians, they are more likely to become stout than the men." The young biologist puts this interesting phenomenon down to the sex difference in metabolism. It may be so, but I should like to know whether good Dr. Hrdlicka consulted whatever equivalent for *Vogue* existed among the Indians to ascertain just which figure was held by squaws to be most fascinating. As one who has seen the female form change all the way from Lillian Russell to Marilyn Miller within two decades I must admit that my faith is slim in the immutability of metabolism.

And while Dr. Hrdlicka was out among the Indians why didn't Langdon-Davies observe the headlines upon the first page of the daily journals? Is it nothing to a scientist that Trudy swam the Channel and Lenglen revolutionized the game of tennis? They are exceptions, to be sure, but Nature seems to be a scout in constant search for variation. Ederles of some other day may cross even broader expanses of tumultuous water sporting like dolphins as they do it. Nor is it so that Trudy is solitary in her prowess. In every long swim of the past season some woman has been well up among the contenders. Nobody knows just how many men in all the world can vanquish Suzanne at tennis. My guess is about two hundred, and even if this estimate ought to be higher there would remain thousands and thousands of men incapable of matching her skill despite the advantages of male metabolism.

The story does not end with the tally of a few women in golf and tennis and the water. The gap between good female golf and that of men grows slighter. Here at least the scientist should avail himself of facts since

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they are capable of being set down in figures just as precise as anything which Dr. Hrdlicka may have found among the savage redskins. No figures will be supplied here at the moment. Let it suffice that ten years ago it was almost unheard of for a woman to break eighty even at the shorter courses. Now the thing is a commonplace. To be sure, the golfing standard of the male has also undergone an improvement but not at the pace set by the women. An unscientific mind cannot be shaken from the theory that when two objects are moving in the same direction at dissimilar speed the one which goes a little faster is in time likely to overtake the other even though it starts out in the rear. Golf might be ruled out as not among the key activities of human life, but at that I think it may have more importance upon the growing equality of the sexes than the unfortunate habit of Indian women to grow stouter. Nor would it be a bad idea for biologists to take vacations now and then from their bonellia and other barnacles. It is one thing to show by graphs and charts that woman is the weaker vessel, but when a man gets on a tennis court against some girl with a good forehand drive his statistics will avail him nothing. Then he'll have to prove it.

British Finance and the Labor Party

By J. RAMSAY MacDONALD

OUR Tory press is once more working up frenzy over the new financial program of the Labor Party, and as the Liberals are beating drums for a revival, they follow suit. The United States is freed from our problems of national finance, but as our position is not without interest across the Atlantic and Labor views on finance had better not be taken from prejudiced or ignorant sources, an explanation of the new program may be helpful. The patrons of *The Nation* will not have forgotten the suppressed panic which preceded the assumption of office by Labor in 1924, the flight of capital which nobody missed here, and, later on, its sneaking return, diminished, I am glad to say, by its journeyings. The same panic will be tried again and, I make bold to prophesy, with the same results.

In 1922 the Labor Party committed itself to a levy upon capital for the sole purpose of paying off a substantial part of the national debt. It was not to be repeated; it was to be one effort. Nevertheless, the Tory press shrieked about thrift and confiscation, and only when it found that the mass of the people were wiser, calmer minded, and knew more about economics than it thought, did it settle down to argument. The Capital Levy was undoubtedly a good electioneering cry for us, and it was also a sound economic proposition. The political difficulties of the levy were never minimized by the party, however. When national stock was held in vast quantities by the people who would have to pay the levy, its collection would have been easy because the bulk of it could be paid in national bonds of one kind or another, and capital invested in industry need hardly have been touched. From that point of view, a levy now would not be so easy as in 1922. Moreover, sinking funds have been created, and movements in money have raised some doubts as to whether, at this time of day, a large decrease in the debt would be worth the effort required to pay it. The Colwyn Committee (so called because Lord Colwyn was its chairman) was appointed by the Labor Government in 1924 to inquire into the effect of our heavy taxation upon industry and to make recommendations. The chief value of its report is that it makes it clear that an income tax has but a small adverse effect upon national economy, and that the sinking fund should be raised from £50,000,000 or £60,000,000 to £100,000,000 per annum. Thereupon the discussion on the effect of a national debt has been revived, and at the moment the arguments are in favor of not fussing too much about it.

But the debt is a political problem as well as a financial one. A budget of £800,000,000 per annum looks alarming, and though the country has too much common sense to rush blindly into an economy cry, the taxation imposed does seem to have reached the limit, and if public opinion may not clamor for retrenchment it is not inclined to support expansion. Of this enormous budget about £380,000,000 is chargeable to the debt services. Various moralists may point out that the real value of the debt capital has doubled since 1918, and that those who gave the state ten shillings in 1914-1918 now get from a pound to thirty shillings in return; but no one has yet been able to devise a method of rectifying that anomaly short of doing serious damage to national good faith. So the burden is borne and will be borne. If there is retrenchment in our taxation or a determination not to expand, it is not the holders of the debt who will suffer; it is those who need social service like education, state insurance, pensions, health. That has to be understood, for that is the key to the Labor Party position. It will commit no act of bad faith to its creditors, but it will fight for an efficient system of social service.

An important consideration must here be noted. Generally speaking, the debt is held by the wealthy who complain most of the high income tax. But let us see what happens to them and their taxes. They receive their income-tax demand and dig a hole in their bank balance to pay it. In due course they receive their interest on their debt-holdings and with that fill up the hole made by their taxation. That simple transference from a bank balance to the Treasury and from the Treasury back to a bank balance is literally true when we think of the position of the wealthy class as a whole. The tax necessary to pay our debt is no burden upon the wealthy class whose sacrifices are in appearance only; and yet that appearance enables them to cry out for a crippling of the social services, and they find a willing ear in our present Government. That so much of the taxation paid by the rich finds its way back into their own pockets is one of the reasons why we find no traces of a shortness of necessary capital, and no limitation of the shameless and Byzantine display of wealth extravagantly and vulgarly used.

Nor is that all. The high budget totals give chancellors the excuse, not only for cutting down the costs of enlightened government, but for imposing indirect taxes upon necessities which keep the cost of living higher and reduce the real value of wages. Our poorer people are paying more for essential government than ever they did; our rich, far

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less than their just share. Our present system of taxation is ingeniously devised to make the rich suffer nothing and the poor pay for services which they are supposed to require by reason of their normal poverty.

To rectify this, the Labor proposals have been drafted. They advocate a surtax which will be graded but which will average two shillings in the pound upon unearned incomes of over £500 per annum. Were this done we should only be back to 1918, and when we remember how much of existing taxation is not a burden but a transfer, the real weight of taxation would not be much, if at all, heavier than it was before the war. When a political party talks about thrift it generally has its tongue in its cheek; when it uses it for electioneering purposes its tongue is always there. A Conservative paper which stated that if a workman who has saved £10,000 finds he has to pay a pound or two in extra income tax he will not save at all, had the same knowledge of life as the Liberal organ which informed its readers that when a workman saved £500 the Labor Party would begin to confiscate the rest, had of the English language.

Thrift will not be affected, the necessary supply of new capital will not be curtailed. The pull in favor of the financier and money lender in the distribution of national wealth caused by a big national debt will be modified in the interest of the masses of the people and the figures of taxation will be made to conform to reality of sacrifice and be deprived of the fiction which they now bear. Only this and nothing more will be the result of the new financial proposals of the Labor Party.

Higher Education in Chicago

By LAWRENCE MARTIN

WHEN "Big Bill" Thompson put on his whirlwind campaign in Chicago last spring he won on the strength of the thumping show he offered. He jazzed politics. In his strident and colorful burlesque he made use of such properties as faked tar-paper, rats named after his enemies, descriptions of his whiskered rival's method of eating eggs, and thundered revelations of the British lion's designs on Chicago's independence. He charged freely that Anglophile propaganda was having free play in the schools. He promised that as Mayor one of his first acts would be to drive the Superintendent of Schools, William McAndrew, "that stool-pigeon of King George," out of town. On the day of his inauguration Thompson appointed J. Lewis Coath as president of the school board. Coath vowed he would have McAndrew discharged before September 1.

In 1915—to place the show in its setting—Ella Flagg Young, then Superintendent, created the position of extra-teacher (commonly called teacher-clerk) for the purpose of assisting the principals of large schools. According to Section 129 of the School Law of 1917 all employees of the school system except superintendent, business manager, attorneys, principals, and teachers must come under the civil-service law. The school board ignored this law until the matter became an issue in the suit of Brennan, a stationary fireman, in 1925. In June, 1927, the State Supreme Court refused to review the Appellate Court's decision, making it mandatory upon the Board of Education to abide by the letter of the school law. On August 3 the attorney for the board, James Todd, prepared a resolution which, over the protest of Superintendent McAndrew, was adopted by the nine members present, to bring the board's action into complete harmony with the decisions. Particularly, it directed the Superintendent "to forthwith arrange for the transfer to instructional work of all members of the teaching force who have been assigned to any other line of employment," and "to forthwith make requisition for the appointment by the civil-service commission of such employees as may be necessary to carry on the clerical and business administrative activites of the education department."

Two weeks later the extra-teachers filed a petition for injunction to prevent enforcement of this resolution by the Superintendent and the board. Evidence was heard before a master in chancery, and the first and chief witness for the plaintiff was the Superintendent of Schools, who had been made technically a defendant. It was disclosed that Mr. McAndrew had opposed the board's resolution; that he regarded it as a personal matter directed against him; that he had taken no steps to put the order into effect; and that prior to the filing of the bill of complaint he had been in conference with the teachers' attorney without informing the board's attorney of his intentions.

Mr. McAndrew contended that the matter turned on the question whether teacher-clerks should be considered clerks or teachers. He maintained that they were teachers, that the resolution had been drawn without consulting him, and that the "haste and misunderstanding evident . . . justifies all legitimate means to prevent the resolution to be put into effect." Therefore, he declared, "as a defendant, I admit the allegations of the bill and admit that the complainant is entitled to the relief asked."

As a result of this clash between McAndrew and Todd, the latter brought resolutions before the board which Mr. Coath accepted as a mandate for the ousting of the Superintendent. Accordingly, on August 29 charges of insubordination were filed against McAndrew and he was suspended. But when he came to trial before the Board of Education thirty days later he was confronted with a bill of particulars enlarging the original complaint to include "conduct incompatible with and in direct violation of his duties as superintendent"—and unpatriotic acts.

It was specifically charged that the Superintendent was continually insubordinate and insolent, that he disregarded direct orders from the board, that he had refused to call teachers' council meetings, and that he had hindered withdrawal of a textbook written by a member of the school system. Another group of complaints stated that he

> Absented himself from duty without leave;
> Left his office frequently to go on lecture tours;
> Edited an educational magazine subsidized by a firm of book publishers;
> Introduced a program of education which caused confusion and impaired teacher morale;
> Employed various persons without examination.

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Finally came the charges of unpatriotism and subversion:

> Recommended pro-British texts;
>
> Recommended texts in order to make the Declaration of Independence seem old-fashioned;
>
> For purpose of perverting the patriotic instincts of school-children, caused to be removed from school walls the picture, "Spirit of '76";
>
> Refused to recommend to the board that school-children donate sums for reconditioning Old Ironsides;
>
> Entered into conspiracy with Charles Merriam and Charles H. Judd and others to destroy love of America in the hearts of children.

Probably not one of these charges is well founded, and most of them are merely ridiculous. For example, while it is true that McAndrew did not favor the teachers' councils, the board itself refused three years ago to give official ear to the protest of the Teachers' Federation that he was not calling meetings, thereby becoming a party to the offense of which it now accuses the Superintendent. Such at least is the opinion of Margaret Haley, business manager of the federation and no friend of McAndrew. Undoubtedly McAndrew made lecture trips, but other Chicago superintendents have done the same without incurring the board's displeasure.

The charge that McAndrew had "introduced a program of education which caused confusion and impaired teacher morale" is peculiarly disingenuous. McAndrew's educational ideas are what led to his appointment as superintendent of Chicago's schools. The "program" he introduced included the establishment of a bureau of research, such as exists in most progressive cities, for the purpose of educational experiment and progress. The bureau was bitterly opposed by the Teachers' Federation, which claimed that the tests administered were harmful to the children and led to insidious discriminations between rich and poor. The anti-McAndrew feeling created by the federation is now being capitalized by the Thompson crowd to attack McAndrew for the very methods he was chosen to instal.

The Board of Education apparently has forgotten that McAndrew is being tried primarily for insubordination. Perhaps word has gone out from Boss Thompson's office to play up the patriotic stuff which worked so magically in the campaign last spring, and which may constitute Big Bill a national figure if the population of the rest of the country is as readily beguiled as that of Chicago. Whatever the reason, the trial, which started as a star-chamber on insubordination, is definitely committed to finding McAndrew guilty of scheming to make the United States a part of the British Empire.

Big Bill himself has written a letter of warning to George V, and has circularized nationally known men asking them to come to Chicago to testify regarding pro-British activities in the United States. In a country as heavily endowed with leisure and wealth as ours it is not difficult for Thompson to find cranks, alarmists, and publicity seekers to regale the world with old wives' tales of the schemes and machinations of the English Speaking Union and British bankers to bind America to Great Britain with hoops of intrigue and perfidy.

The definite charges against McAndrew of "aiming to poison American history with pro-British lies" turn on an "investigation" made by Congressman John J. Gorman, at the instance of the Mayor, of history texts for the purpose of discovering evidences of British propaganda. The Congressman's report, which purported to be a survey of the books used in the Chicago public schools either introduced or retained by McAndrew, bristles with inaccuracies and misstatements. Most of the books complained of were in use in the schools before McAndrew was appointed, many having been introduced during the previous Thompson administration. The history particularly selected for the patriotic wrath of Gorman, Muzzey's "History of the American People," is not used in the Chicago schools. Sentences quoted by Gorman are mutilated and lifted out of their proper texts; for example, in quoting Muzzey's sentence, "the Boston tea party was the last straw—the colonists had added insult to injury," the investigator omitted four words at the end: "in King George's eyes." As a result of these deliberate misrepresentations, Professor Muzzey has filed suit against the author of the report.

The first of the patriotism charges—that McAndrew caused the removal of the picture known as the "Spirit of '76" from school walls—is based on a statement by the Superintendent that the picture represented a belligerent spirit which was hardly one to hold up as the ideal for children. Principals of about a dozen schools in which this picture occupied a prominent place thereupon removed it. As to Old Ironsides, it has been for years the practice here not to dun children for money. The third charge, that of conspiring against the country with University of Chicago scholars through the teachers' courses offered at the university, is probably the most ridiculous of all. Here the main avenue of propaganda is Professor Schlesinger's text, "New Viewpoints in American History," which was the Mayor's target in last spring's campaign circus. There is talk of having a special history written for the schools, calculated to instil "old-fashioned" ideals. Milton Fairman in the *Publishers' Weekly* points out that "the city's book bill is one of the largest in the country—$989,000," and that those who profess to know believe that "the veil of patriotism is being used to disguise very mercenary motives. . . . A tidy fortune awaits the firm which publishes a 100 per cent American text for more than 500,000 children."

Finally, a word about personalities. It is believed by some that Mr. McAndrew was often brusque and tactless. Manifestly he failed to adapt himself to the situation which arose, but it must be admitted that to adapt oneself to Chicago's Coaths, Haleys, Todds, and Thompsons, and still not degenerate into a pussyfooter and an errand-boy is a tremendous contract.

Meantime the continuous vaudeville show goes on. Maintaining that the trial is illegal regarding all charges except the original one of insubordination (since he was not given the legal thirty days in which to reply to the others) the suspended Superintendent refuses to answer questions dealing with his alleged unpatriotic practices.

This fails to trouble the six members who vote solidly against him on every disputed point. The cards are stacked; the trial is a farce. One of the six is Trustee Hemingway, who brought the original charge. Another is Coath, Thompson's president, who is accuser, judge, and executioner-in-prospect all in one.

The two parties to the combat, including the trustees, sit on opposite sides of the room. In the front row sits the accused. His curly beard, white but tinged with red, sometimes bristles at the proceedings, but for the most part he leans back unconcernedly in a swivel chair, reading the

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afternoon paper from headlines to comics, or gossips with friends and colleagues, while Attorney Todd thunders on about Georges III and V, and defense counsel object, only to be automatically overruled by the honorable Judge Coath's ready gavel.

The trial is a political gesture, whose object is to drag the proceedings along until the end of McAndrew's term in January. Should he be discharged tomorrow he could seek legal review and might get an order of reinstatement. But by dragging out the case the Thompson six can drop the charges a few days before the end of the Superintendent's term, leaving him without legal redress.

Weeping the Bone

By ANITA BRENNER

MACBETH feared the ghost at the feast, but Mexico makes a feast for the ghost. All-Saints' Day and All Souls' Day, November 1 and 2, are the Mexican Hallowe'en and mark one of the gaiest holidays of the year. Each is a Dead Men's Day—the day the ghosts come home to eat, drink, and be merry.

In the villages the Indians perform the same rites as in pre-Spanish times, fitted into their version of Catholicism. The Aztecs believed that, except for warriors and women dead in childbirth, life hereafter had much in common with life on earth. Hence each corpse was buried with his personal sleeping-mat rolled around him, and was given food—if only a crock of beans—and other possessions he needed for the journey to the hereafter: strips of colored paper to pay whatever fees might be convenient, effigies of his family, servants, or himself, perhaps jewelry, and always a single precious stone, jade or coral for the rich, obsidian or basalt for the poor, which was called "the heart."

A small yellow dog, in ashes, always accompanied his master to the other world. Through the mountains that perpetually knock together and over the bridge made narrow and thin for the bad and wide for the good, to the river which was at the end of the journey, the canine trotted along. The river was wide and there was no way of crossing except to swim, and alone no man could do it. The dog, therefore, supported the man's hand on his collar, and thus helped him across. White or black dogs were said to be too proud to proffer this service. There was a famous dog market at Acolman, where were sold both fattened pups for the epicureans and the amiable yellow plebeian guides to the underworld.

Once a year the dead return. On All-Saints' Day the family watches at night as if at a wake—a Mexican wake—singing, praying, drinking, making love, telling tales. Not praying for the dead, but, in their own words, "praying to the dead." Each family sets a table generously spread with beans, chile, rice, tortillas, baked pumpkins, yams, and pulque or a bluish maize drink to wash it down. More delicacies are provided if the family can afford it.

On the second day—All Souls' Day—come the ghosts of the children. Sweets, cakes, fruit, and toys are laid out for them. There are candy skulls, pastry coffins, ribs and thigh-bones made of frosted sugar, tombstones, wreaths, candles, and whole funerals in miniature and in confectionery. Everybody goes picnicking to the graveyards and spreads the goodies on the tombs. The extra mourners receive special consideration at the feast, for helping to "weep the bone." But there is not much weeping, for the Mexican ghosts are cheerful ha'nts, with all the guitar-strumming and amorous, inebriate tendencies of more visible days. On the morning after it is over, the living eat the food the dead have left on the altar table.

An occasional note of sorrow strikes the basic chord of the Mexican symphony: A lone man, face down on a fresh grave, murmuring brokenly into the sod . . . putting his ear to the ground to listen . . . resuming the murmur. There is, too, a timelessness about the graves molded with yellow and purple flowers, wreathed in moving strands of many-colored tissue paper, set with flaming candles, and giving off the heavy incense of *romero*, the traditional blossom of the season and holy for centuries past.

The Indians are not the only ones to entertain their ancestors and dead acquaintances on Dead Men's Day. The most fashionable pastry-shop in cosmopolitan Mexico City yearly displays this sign: Buy Your Dead Men's Bread Here. The city cemeteries are as full of picnickers as the village graveyards, and the city candy-stores blossom with bewildering numbers of skulls—white, with luscious red cherries for eyes and luscious grins on their mouths—miniature funerals of expensive milk chocolate, funeral wreaths of tiny candied fruits, a fascinating array. And though the sweets and other dainties of the season are especially for the dead, no child in the city but wakes up on Dead Men's Day asking for his "funeral" or at least his "skull."

From "Dead Men's Day," published by Antonio Vanegas Arroyo, Mexico City

The pottery booths, multiplying for this carnival time, seem veritable dances of death. The small

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clay statuettes, on sale throughout the year, representing more or less realistically people in all classes and all professions, on Dead Men's Day are supplanted by equally realistic skeletons of those same people. There is the drunkard, a wobbly skeleton tightly clasping his bottle and his ladylove with coy expression on her fleshless face. There is the carpenter and the fruit-seller, the priest and the scholar, the poet and the prostitute, Don Juan and the president, a nun and a newsboy, the fat horseman of the sierras and the swarthy bull-fighter of the arenas—all in skeleton—not to mention the bob-haired modern girl and the foreign tourist—in sizes from half an inch to half a meter, and all caught in characteristic poses. It is an impressive travesty, and skilfully done.

The press, crystallizing the spirit of the moment, becomes a sort of dead men's record, and so strong is the suggestion that even ordinary pages of daily news appear fantastic, and one can scarcely make distinctions between dead and alive, between past and present, between fancy and fact. Special editions of comic publications publish political and theatrical caricatures, in skull and skeleton form, of dead and living notables, with an "epitaph" in verse depicting their virtues and fatal weaknesses. Satirical news items are printed.

A popular ballad suggests this very cleverly, under the pretext of "giving the newsboy his skull":

He knows what he sells is lies;
And all the news he releases
The daily the dead man buys
Tears into little pieces.

This daily takes care to tell
News of the opposite hue.
It makes a few bones and a smell
Of all that the live men do.

Black print in white is seen,
Truth appears out of lies,
The fat man becomes quite lean,
And the live man usually dies.

There is no blasphemy in this grotesque humor, nor is it indeed a conscious effort at humor. It is part of the Indian heritage, most amazingly common to all Mexico. It is at the same time the paradoxical Mexican mood—the *vacilada*—taking nothing, not even death, at its face value. Where death is, and has been, a familiar and terribly frequent guest, there is little room for sentimentalism. If this familiarity does not exactly breed contempt, it surely laughs at the European terror of an unknown visitor. It is a significant attitude. For here is the most tremendous of mysteries put into its physical place, implying that all other mysteries may, by the same token, be given their physical places.

Americans We Like

Alexander Meiklejohn

By LUCIEN PRICE

The Sixth in a Series of Personality Portraits

THERE is a tradition about one of the English cathedrals that its finest window was assembled from bits of broken stained-glass thrown away by the artisans in making the others. Four years ago last spring there was considerable stained-glass of a high quality thrown away by one of our American sanctuaries of learning. It is four years since Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn was eliminated from the presidency of Amherst College. As Brittingham Professor of Philosophy at the University of Wisconsin he is now being permitted to establish within the precincts of that institution an Experimental College which has opened its doors this autumn.

It is one of the laws of life that a steadfast creative purpose is able to create its own instruments. It is a rugged plant. Cut it down here, it sprouts there. By the same law it would appear that a man with a vigorous creative purpose finds himself automatically eliminated from a situation where he can work to less advantage and transferred to one where he can work to a greater. It has happened to more than one college president in our time. How disheartening it must be to have eliminated Woodrow Wilson from the presidency of Princeton only to find yourself confronted with Woodrow Wilson as war-President of the United States. Shortly after Mr. Meiklejohn's removal from Amherst I was permitted to read a letter which he had just received from ex-President Wilson. Analogy was written all over it.

Why was Mr. Meiklejohn removed from Amherst College? The dust of that affray having settled, the issues are now, I think, clear. Mr. Meiklejohn was removed from Amherst College for endeavoring to turn a delightful country club into an institution of learning. The immediate occasion was that he was making possible the teaching of upper and middle-class American boys to examine our modern civilization with candid eyes and to think for themselves. The agents of an alarmed ruling class put a stop to it.

To call Mr. Meiklejohn a radical is absurd. His impartiality is the despair of fanatics. His position quite simply is that a delightful country club is no place to prepare youngsters for their duties as citizens of a republic in an increasingly precarious age. This, be it remarked, would hold true equally for the crown princes of a ruling class and for a nobler type of youth attuned to higher standards of generosity and justice. And now the Athenian Academe which might have been established at Amherst has migrated to the shores of Lake Mendota.

On these shores, somewhat apart from the other buildings of the university, is a new dormitory for men. This is to bivouac the experiment and to house at least a part of its 250 students and perhaps dozen instructors. It is to be a college within a college—that desideratum of our elephantine universities: the small and highly personalized group enjoying access to the riches of a large academic community. One hundred and twenty-five have been admitted (on application) this year as freshmen; the rest will be

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admitted next autumn. They will enjoy full standing in the freshman and, in due season, the sophomore classes of the university. There is no attempt to choose exceptional students. The group is to be, so far as possible, a cross-section typical of the university. Lecture and class-room methods of teaching will be discarded in favor of that method of teaching through discussion in small groups which succeeded so well in certain courses at Amherst. The work of the first year is expected to be a study of the Hellenic civilization, especially that period of its flowering which is known as the Great Age. The second year's work, as yet undecided, will be a comparative study of some modern industrial civilization, perhaps that of England in the nineteenth century.

This choice is not surprising. The slant of Mr. Meiklejohn's mind is definitely Hellenic and there has always been in him a bit of the old Socrates. One trait of this is his relish of dialectic; others are his lively humor, his robust good sense, and his detachment from proselyting zeal. He has the serene confidence—Greek through and through—that, win in the short run though such zeal may, in the longer run the force of lucid intelligence and free inquiry can be relied on to carry the field.

In the history of such forces two thousand years—nineteen hundred and twenty-seven of them, to be exact—may be accounted a short run. And here, be it understood, I speak of the Hellenic tradition quite dissociated from Mr. Meiklejohn, the Experimental College, or the University of Wisconsin. I speak of it as it vitally concerns our land and time.

As things are in America today is there anything which young and active minds could study with more profit than the Hellenic civilization? A boy who has once seen our Machine Age from the outside is forever after protected from it. Never again will he be taken in by it, never again accept it as the be-all and end-all. To invent machines may require creative ability of a high order. But this creating of machines is the work of a comparatively few minds, and the use to which the machines thus created are generally put is not creative but acquisitive. Machinery can transmit, transport, disseminate, and popularize. It cannot originate. What, then, will be the quality of the cultural material thus disseminated? Could the age which hailed the printing-press as the salvation of society but see an American newspaper! And what will be the origin of the cultural material to be disseminated? That was the question of the Roman Empire yesterday. It is the question of the American Republic today. Wipe out America's merely material achievement (as time so surely does) and how much of the imperishable would you have left? How rich a spiritual heritage could American thinkers and artists bequeath to humanity?

Is a creative force to be liberated in the minds of our youth vigorous enough to originate a culture of our own, based, it is true, on our European traditions, but indigenous to our soil and conferring some unique enrichment on the human spirit? The clearest spring I know, of waters which embolden youth to know itself, to trust itself, to be itself, to "make music and create," is Hellas. The Greeks were of our own breed. Their blood runs in our brains. Their powers were not inhibited by a conception of conflict between flesh and spirit gnawing like a canker at the very core of life. No agonizing ascetics, they knew how to take nature naturally. They knew—as Hellenic spirits in every age have known—that it is more blessed to create than to enjoy. Or as that radiant and sunlit Hellenic spirit of Judea worded the same idea: it is more blessed to give than to receive. With this knowledge comes health of mind. A man exercising his creative faculty on a task which he can believe in as an ennoblement and enrichment of human life is a happy man. Passionate absorption in such a task generates of its own momentum a stern self-discipline. Its ethical code happens not to be yours or mine? That is none of our business.

Youth will no longer be dragooned. *Veto* and *credo* have collapsed. But sincere creative effort also creates a surrounding code of values. It is more noble to create than to enjoy. It is also more enjoyable. That is good which furthers creative effort. That is less good which hinders it.

It is to some such quarter that I look for that ennobled generation of youth which is so surely coming and for the standards of high conduct which such youth will so surely fashion for themselves. Our prophets of cynicism and unfaith have their value. They demolish shams. But ask them "Where shall I look for the good and the beautiful?" and your only answer is a scoff to cover their embarrassment. They do not know. It is easy to destroy. To create is difficult. Our apostles of demolition, our sitters in the seat of the scornful may do a useful work. But the world does not cherish the memory of what you destroyed. All the world cares to remember is what you created. The future does not care what you scorned. All the future cares for is what you loved.

The good and the beautiful, where are they to be found? The war, by deflating traditional Christianity, has jolted this question into the foreground. Does it strike no one as singular, to say the least, that directly the war was over came a flood of books—serious works many of which have had an astonishing circulation—on Hellenic culture?

Wherever it may be that the good and the beautiful are to be found, I believe Mr. Meiklejohn is one of those exceptionally well endowed for the search. He is one of the toilers along the levees of American education able to stop at least a few of the leaks through which the spiritual forces of our youth are bursting to the devastation of the land. Young lives that felt the glow of his intellect and the charm of his personality at Amherst have gone on blossoming and bringing forth good fruit. His power is all the more sure for being so difficult to define. Two years ago I happened into a city and a college on the Pacific Coast where he had sojourned and spoken. It was a year since his departure, and their minds were still full of him. What had he said? They were somewhat inarticulate, as people always are when they have been profoundly moved. What had he done? Well, this and that. But I knew what he had done. He had brought exhilaration. For he wields some sort of electricity of the intellect which is charged with the power of the spirit.

Who will breathe into the foul and fetid cabaret stench of our American neo-Rome a breath from the spirit of immortal Hellas? Who will teach us that we Americans have it in us to be something nobler than merely one more ant-horde of empire-builders, that we have it in us to cause another Athens to arise? That new Athens, that America of artists and thinkers, of free spirits and creative minds, must arise in many places. Why may not one of them be a dormitory on the shores of Lake Mendota?

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In the Driftway

EVERY country that is worth its salt has some craft for which it is world famous. France excels in cookery, England in cutlery, and Morocco in kidnappery. Without question the industry of kidnapping has been more highly and more artistically developed in Al-Moghreb Al-Aksa than anywhere else on our planet. From the time more than a quarter century ago when President Roosevelt made his electrifying demand "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead," down to the recent abduction of two of Governor General Steeg's nephews and the women who were with them, the highest-paid and the best-advertised kidnappers have been those of the country of the Farthest West.

* * * * *

THE fact that a Paris newspaper dispatched a representative by airplane to write the story of the latest Moroccan kidnapping, and negotiate with the abductors, is of itself proof of the quality of the exploit. The Drifter does not recall that a New York newspaper has ever hurried a correspondent by airplane, or even by ox cart, to negotiate for the release of any kidnappee in Mexico. But the Moroccan bandits have always known how to use the press. They have treated "the boys" right and the correspondents have made them rich and famous. This friendship between the newspaper correspondents and the captains of kidnappery is a matter of long-standing tradition. When the Drifter was in Morocco a good many years ago —just after the capture and ransom of Sir Harry Maclean —the said Drifter sought some information about Raisuli, the hero of the exploit, from an English newspaper correspondent living in Tangier. "Raisuli," said the correspondent pleasantly, "well, if you are interested, I'll invite you in to have tea with him some time when he is in town." The tea got put off, but the Drifter learned that Morocco's premier brigand was anything but a cutthroat outlaw; on the contrary, he enjoyed the acquaintance and respect of some of the leading European residents. He was especially respected in financial circles, having an account of impressive dimensions with one of the French banks.

* * * * *

RAISULI was not only Morocco's premier brigand, creator of the traditions that have made her kidnappery famous, but next to Robin Hood he was perhaps the best-loved man of his calling in history. Don Perdicaris, who indirectly made Raisuli a world figure through inspiring President Roosevelt's message, has himself testified to the courtesy, charm, and urbanity of his host. In an account of his stay with Raisuli—the latter would not for a long time hear of his leaving—Perdicaris said that the bandit chief was much put to it at first to determine what to do with the 70,000 silver Spanish dollars that were part of the ransom.

> To the great amusement of Mulai Ali [wrote Perdicaris], and to my own considerable astonishment, the solution of this troublesome question which Raisuli proposed was that "La Senora," as the natives called my wife, should receive the $70,000 from Torres and deposit the money to her own credit in Tangier at the bank where we were accustomed to cash our checks, and that he [Raisuli] might then draw upon Mrs. Perdicaris as occasion should require.

The counting of the ransom, wrote Perdicaris, was an occasion of great formality. Finally

> "The silver," said Raisuli, addressing me, "has been counted . . . but these letters," showing me as he spoke a checkbook containing certified checks on the Comptoir d'Escompte, the French bank at Tangier, "of the value of these, which are supposed to represent $50,000, I know nothing. However, I will accept them on your personal guaranty, but on that condition only."

Perdicaris readily guaranteed the excellence of the bank checks, but he declined the suggestion that his wife should become Raisuli's banker. That, he explained, might lead to misunderstanding, whereupon Raisuli promptly withdrew the request.

* * * * *

POOR Raisuli! And magnificent Raisuli too! He has gone to his last reward—or should one say to his last ransom? For many years there were reports at periodic intervals that Raisuli was dead; and a short time after, he turned up again in the news dispatches in some fresh exploit. But for a couple of years or more there has not been a single report of the death of Raisuli. It must be, therefore, that this king of the kidnappers has passed from the scene, and the tea-party for which the Drifter has been waiting will never take place. THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

The American Plan

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

Sir: A few days ago I saw that General Somebody, whose name I have forgotten, has arrived in Nicaragua to supervise the election next year. In order to guarantee fair election, after the American plan, I respectfully suggest to the State Department that Messrs. Vare, of Pennsylvania, and Smith, of Illinois, be added, making a commission of three.

University of Arkansas, October 1 DAVID Y. THOMAS

Charles Evans Hughes

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read your article on Charles Evans Hughes. It is amazingly excellent—one of the best appreciations I have seen from any person's pen—and deserves the highest commendation from the readers of *The Nation*. Many congratulations.

Chicago, October 21 HERBERT J. FRIEDMAN

Reparations for Robbers

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: "Only Congress," wailed the New York *Times* in its headline at the time of the Supreme Court decision on Teapot Dome, "can repay Sinclair the millions he spent on property." On page 23 of that issue, under an obscure one-line head, was the statement that Colonel Robert Stewart, chairman of the board of the Standard Oil of Indiana, had no comment to make on the decision. Why do our newspapers step so lightly around the Standard of Indiana, which was a co-partner with Sinclair in building tanks and pipelines to steal oil from the American public? Sinclair merely did the dirty work of bribing Fall; the Standard spent half the millions "only Congress can repay."

This plaint about the cruelty of the Supreme Court, which allowed no legal redress for the money spent to consummate

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the theft, was the beginning, I take it, of an organized ballyhoo for the reimbursement of all hard-pressed oil patriots. Obviously, the taxpayers should repay them. I think that Congress should reimburse also every burglar who invests in a kit of tools for an abortive job, and every stock promoter who contracts an engraving bill for an unsuccessful fraud.

Sound Beach, Conn., November 1 SILAS BENT

The Police of Monrovia

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In a recent letter to *The Nation* appeared the following, over the signature of Thomas L. Dabney, organizer of the American Negro Labor Congress:

> America is a land of oppression, murder, lynching, and crude civilization. Nowhere, so far as I know, are police so ignorant, arrogant, crude, and uncivil as in America. For my own part I have long since lost faith in America to lead the world in anything except mob rule, murder, race prejudice, and oppression.

Good, brave men seldom become policemen, and such are subject to an extremely corrupting environment. But police methods tend everywhere to be brutal through mere consciousness of power in the minds of inferior men. Negroes are no exceptions. In Liberia, Africa, last December, very near a monument dedicated to the nation, on which a legend reads: "The Love of Liberty Brought Us Here," I saw the chief of police of Monrovia, a Negro, torture a Negro boy with scourge and fire (hippopotamus-hide whip and lighted candle) merely to cause him to confess complicity in a trifling theft. Scourging is the commonest torture among the Liberian governing class. I would not condemn the Liberian Republic *in toto* for this. One might remember that these Liberians, many of them descendants of American slaves, learned whipping in the fields of the South. They have not forgotten their lesson.

Sausalito, California, October 20 FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Have We Forgotten Centralia?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Silence from the liberal press, to its disgrace, surrounds an American Legion crime worse by far than any of its other outrages. While the Legion elite are drunk somewhere in France, where they dodge the ghosts of Sacco and Vanzetti, permit me to remind you of the Legion's most fiendish crime.

How about Centralia? There the Legion raided our I.W.W. hall on November 11, 1919, at the instance of King Hubbard of Lumberlust, now happily dead. Our members legally defended their lives and hall against the tools of the king. Four tools paid with their lives. They turned their parade into a funeral for themselves. Fellow-worker Wesley Everett, I.W.W. member, was unsexed and lynched that night by Centralia business men who had ordered the power-house of the city to cut off the lights. The doctor who operated on Everett en route to the lynching-ground received a high political appointment as his reward from the then governor, Louis F. Hart.

Eight men are in Walla Walla Prison on a frame-up murder charge. How long, liberals, how long? Shame on you!

Chicago, October 26 JOHN A. GAHAN,
Editor, *Industrial Solidarity*

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by
The Rt. Rev. Irving S. Cooper

THE doctrine of Reincarnation teaches that man *is a soul*, not has a soul. That he becomes embodied in ever-improving physical forms life after life, until all earth's lessons have been learned. That every human being is in course of growth from the stage of the savage to that of the Man made Perfect. It restores justice to God and power to man. Above all, it renders life intelligible.

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Children's Book Section

The Plague of Juveniles

By REBECCA DRUCKER

THE day is gone when the whole family waited eagerly for the next instalment of "Pickwick" and it was read aloud in the family circle, as we are assured, to the uproarious delight of old and young. The family circle has gone askew and lost literary unanimity among other kinds. Literature has shed its homogeneity in the vast onrush of writing and printing. The book business has expanded into the breach and made new classifications, some natural and some artificial. The classification of the "juvenile," having in mind books for children from ten to fourteen, is one created out of the sheer enterprise of the book business.

Obviously the great juvenile classics are among the most nourishing fare of childhood. Obviously, too, the book business cannot wait for the great juveniles to mature naturally. There would be no fall or spring list of titles. There might even be no "juveniles," for the "Gullivers" and "Robinson Crusoes," the "Alices" and "Huck Finns" were not written for children, or only incidentally came to be so. The awkward age for children is the awkward age for their parents, too. They may hold the high-minded attitude that from the age of ten, or perhaps twelve, the child may read anything, but it is usually with the vague hope in reserve that the "good books" of the past will content him indefinitely. They do not. The child comes up clamoring for the present. Elders waver when they think on what arid stretches a child may be cast in the complex adult literature of the present. This is the book publisher's chance. With vast industry and with great thrift of ideas the synthetic classification is accomplished.

Looked at from the outside this synthetic literature looks like a real one. All the departments of adult writing seem to be there in a kind of doll-house replica—fiction, biography, history, folk-lore, tales of travel, science, and invention. It is only on examination that one perceives that it is sleazily written, insubstantial in information, and makeshift in character. It is obviously conceded that an author needs less talent to write for a child than for an adult. No one doubts that less charm will serve to win the child. Besides, the purpose of all this writing is not to charm him.

Between the ages of ten and fourteen the child is presumed to be material for firm molding. The bulk of this writing is heavily utilitarian. It is to instil right sentiments, to guide and inspire him, and to render him useful information. The fiction device is a favored one for conveying information. Young children's books, being an organic part of literature, have undergone some development, but "juveniles" show few changes. The motor devices of the stories are high-powered automobiles, airplanes, and submarines, but the children who inhabit them are out of *St. Nicholas* of the eighties.

The sensuality and cruelty of childhood fairy tales are done with. In the "juvenile" no Rapunzel lets down her golden hair, no malevolent step-sister lies in wait, no Guineveres and Lancelots flame with ardor. There is no ardor and no carnality in this fiction. From the age of ten the child's mind is presumed to be wiped clean of all that elemental passion which surges through the tales of childhood. He is presumed no longer to have any dreams, any longings, any curiosities about those mysterious ardors that flamed so frankly then. The boys and girls of these stories studiously avoid any curiosity about each other, automatically they have become austerely companionable. If they are boys they do not waste any time wondering what girls are like. Girls are to them a very minor consideration. If they are girls they are pathetically anxious to prove themselves good athletic little comrades who resemble boys as much as possible. Some time in the, oh, very distant future, the author may roguishly hint, a deeper tinge will creep into this boy-and-girl friendship, but if he knows how this is to come about he leaves it a bleak and remote mystery.

In this fiction the parents are all benign and the children affectionate. If the parents are poor and rustic the children are even more filial. There is no disreputable like Huck Finn who loathes and fears his drunken pap, there is no liar and swaggerer like Tom Sawyer. None of the children live up a third floor back or ever heard of a strike or lay-off. Country children are, naturally, more democratic than city children. A sneak always finds retribution and a poor sport is the lowest of God's creatures. To be sure, in one tale one boy does confess to a lack of courage, but he performs even greater prodigies of valor in proof of a moral heroism. And no little boy or girl will hesitate to die for St. Mark's or St. Agatha's.

Does it ever occur to writers and publishers of this stuff to wonder what does go on in the mind of a twelve-year-old? They might read "The House Without Windows," the amazing story by a twelve-year-old published last spring, and know (Knopf: $2). They would find no such cloudy vapors as they imagine to exist in such a mind. A powerful sensuousness, a merciless logic, a vast sobriety inhabits there. Whimsicality, the silly ironical trifling of the old, is no part of it. Such an avidity for life, such quick perception, and such rapturous fancy as shames the old is in it. The little girl, Barbara Newhall Follett, who wrote it when she was nine and rewrote it when she was twelve, is an exceptional child only in her ability to make articulate moods and emotions that elude most children before they are old enough to put them down. She is exceptional, too, in her power to describe what she has in her mind and in the symmetry and soundness of her architecture. In this she is the superior not only of most children but of a good many adults. But the major interests of her mind are those of a child, and the tale is such as any child might tell itself.

Eepersip is a little girl who finds a house with things hanging at the window and little mats on the floor unbearable, and she runs away. Her parents grieve bitterly for her but it never occurs to her to pity them. She never goes back to them. She lives for a time in the woods, growing more and more a wild creature and taken by the creatures of the wild as an equal. This world of the elements is the House Without Windows. The facts of shelter and sustenance in it are half-heartedly accounted for by the young author, who doesn't trouble to keep it up. Then Eepersip goes to the sea where she lives in a cave, fearing neither wind nor storm nor elements and becoming half a sea creature. Then she finds her way to the mountains where, in the sublimity and silence of their heights, she lives in a

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fantastic fairyland of snow and ice and her ecstatic communion with the elements reaches a crescendo. She never thinks of her parents. She has a powerful distrust of all grown-ups lest they drag her back, and always craftily eludes them. She has slight need for humankind. Once she finds a beloved playmate at the shore whom she invites to share her life, but his parents snatch him back. Once she longs for the little sister who has been born since she left. She does indeed spirit her away and take her with her to the mountains, but the solitude saddens the younger child and Eepersip sorrowfully brings her back to the plains. But she herself cannot stay. She cannot give up the joys of her House Without Windows. She goes back to her mountains, holds the ecstasy of freedom more dear, and finally dissolving into the elements becomes one of the spirits of that place.

Now this is a powerful and poetic conception, and a subtle one too. But no one can say that it is an unchildlike one. It has a vast pertinence to the life around it. But what pertinence has juvenile literature to such a mind? Naturally the idea is not to develop little Eepersips who will quit the musty house, but to make good biddable little children who will live in it. And so we have fiction, biography, legend directed at just this suspected truancy of the child-mind.

The Western tales are by far the most refreshing of a miscellaneous lot of juvenile literature recently received. In the point of view of the writer of a good Western tale one is apt to find the peculiar combination of qualities that makes a natural juvenile. "Cow Country," by Will James (Scribner's: $3.50), fulfils the first requirement by not having been written for children at all. Will James's earlier tale "Smoky" became a juvenile success by that process of natural selection which determines the more enduring of childhood's favorites. "Cow Country," containing eight sketches of men and animals of the cow country, with the author's vivid illustrations, has the unforced simplicity and vivacity, the true and fresh observation that make the chief charm of this author's work. "The Log of a Cowboy," by Andy Adams (Houghton Mifflin: $2), is that fine account of a cowboy's stirring life written for grown-ups twenty years ago, now a classic and revived by the Riverside Bookshelf. It falls most aptly into the juvenile classification. So does "Hands Up!", a series of sketches of the heroic figures of the old Western frontier, by A. B. Macdonald (Bobbs Merrill: $3).

"The Boy's Life of Hamilton," by Helen Nicolay (Century: $2), is the best of the biographies. It is a straightforward account of that statesman with the figure justly proportioned against the stirring times. "The Boy's Life of Lawrence," by Lowell Thomas (Century: $2), makes Lawrence out to be a cross between Tom Brown and the Grand Lama. "Heroes of Modern Adventure," by Bridges and Tiltman (Little, Brown: $2), is an illustration of the adult point of view which believes that the child cannot appreciate an adventure until it has been inflated.

"Jungle John" by John Budden (Longmans: $2.50), with a lively running commentary of drawings, is an exciting narrative of a small boy's adventures in the Indian jungle. It is written by a person who knows the jungle and knows boys and has no small aptitude for story-telling besides. There has been a determined effort to keep the spring of enchantment running by bringing the wealth of folk-lore before children. But by now the supply has run down to a thin trickle, and the Malayan and Amazonian and remoter Gaelic legends are merely queer and unintelligible. The publishers have shown a good deal of enterprise in bringing before the child the exotic and strange, and the result is occasionally valuable. But "Children of the Mountain Eagle," by E. C. Miller (Doubleday: $2), and "Saturday's Children," by Helen Coale Crew (Little, Brown: $2), are merely formulized travel tales inhabited by little pattern-children.

"The Trade Wind," by Cornelia Meigs, won a $2,000 prize offered by Little, Brown and Company. We are told that it was chosen from nearly four hundred manuscripts submitted and was the choice of experts in children's tastes. Yet it seems a dull and clumsy piece of work. It is the very apotheosis of the romantic novel synthetically achieved. If the prize had been frankly offered for the nearest approach to the Stevensonian formula this tale with its heavy paraphernalia of pirates, privateers, and gun-runners would have better deserved it.

What Books Shall My Small Child Read?

By REBECCA HOURWICH

SPECIAL books written for children appeared in England and America during the latter part of the eighteenth century. Anyone who has seen the Rosenbach or any other collection of early American children's books—for the most part pocket-size moral tracts, occasionally illustrated—realizes how we have lifted children out of that era of moralizing and depression into a period where the printed page is expected to be a delight to all the senses, a book a pleasure to see and touch as well as to read.

From a few dozen pathetic and barren books we have evolved to a bewildering profusion of gay and carefree books, books that spell romance and adventure, books that are of land and sea, and books never of land and sea but of whimsical fancy; nonsense books, books of specific instruction, ancient myths and fables popularized; books about birds, animals, and all the familiar objects of the world we live in; books of lasting beauty; books that make a sure appeal to children, that capture their hearts and minds and permanently hold them in their power; books of our own childhood which we read eight and ten times over, to which we always came back with fresh zest and interest, from which we could not bear to part; favorites of our own children, thumbed, worn, dragged from place to place, never wholly forgotten. And in equal profusion, also never wholly forgotten, simply terrible books.

We have traded old evils for new ones. For hell-fire and damnation we have substituted the same moralizing cloaked in sickly sentimentality. Presumably to protect and prolong infancy, at one time burdened with overpowering adult concepts and taboos, we have sifted and sorted and simplified into the classification juvenile, until juvenile is almost certain to be synonymous with innocuous, the humdrum stupid tales of the dull routine of commonplace people. These unimaginative, utterly worthless books are issued by the thousands, usually inspired by the failure of their authors to gain a publisher for their adult wares.

Hence the perennial question of every intelligent

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parent: What books shall my small child read? Shall a child be turned loose to steer his own course through the labyrinths of existing books, shall there be gentle unconscious pressure to left or right, or shall there be frank adult guidance? What shall be the underlying principles of such guidance? Most educators beg the question, and for good reason. There are very few data available on what constitutes satisfactory reading for children, either from their own or from an adult point of view.

The New York Public Library, which probably caters to the widest variety of tastes in the world, tries to apply the same standards to its Children's Department that it applies to other departments. Are the authors sincere, are the books genuine pieces of writing? Are they interesting, alive, beautiful to look at? Are they good literature? Will they interest the children?

There are people specializing in the study of child psychology who see all manner of evil resulting from undirected children's reading, and who would particularly proscribe fairy tales. They hold that at an early age a child is unable to distinguish fact from fancy, that in the realization of fact lies the child's adjustment to reality. If this groping for reality is handicapped and confused by tales of fancy, adjustment to reality is postponed with attendant difficulties, and sometimes never reached. They suggest tales of familiar objects, going from the familiar gradually to the unknown. They admit that some children learn to distinguish fact from fancy much earlier than others, and that it becomes largely a matter of the individual child.

To a degree one must accept this attitude. The problem still remains of how to feed a child's imagination, how to nourish the desire to lift oneself out of one's self, to find in reading that level of ecstasy which every book-lover knows and cherishes; how to balance adjustment to reality with the necessity for escape which is inevitable in adult life, and which finds a definite and valuable release in books —release that is not and cannot be possible if books are to give only an intensely practical fulfilment.

There is likewise the attempt to go to children themselves for the answer to the riddle of their reading, chiefly by stimulating them to efforts of their own. These books by children are excellent self-expression, but obviously a literature for children limited by the scant knowledge of child authors is narrowed down to crude confines.

To me the acid test is, Does the book compel the child's interest? Children are the true readers, disgracefully unappreciated by authors and publishers. Children are utterly unmoved by anything but the stirrings of their own responses. Hungry, eager, wide-eyed, and breathless, they stamp their approval; listless and bored, restless and irritated, they signify their disapproval. They are subject to the same vagaries of taste as adults. Some children prefer the grotesque, others are offended by it; some like to have the creeps of horror run up their spines through blood and murder tales, others shudder away; some like saccharine tales of little girls who die and go to heaven, others want animals and a bit more dash. Some children like all books, anything with type on it, while others for no apparent reason fasten on one book and dismiss another. I know of one little girl who objected to "Alice in Wonderland" because it was "just too silly," and who nevertheless was transported into ecstasies of delight by the antics of Mr. Milne's Heffalump in "Winnie-the-Pooh."

So secure is A. A. Milne's place among his readers that automatically the first place in the season's books for children goes to him. "Now We Are Six" (Dutton: $2), though not as fresh and original as its predecessor, is nevertheless a Milne. A runner-up for first place with A. A. Milne will be "Magpie Lane," by Nancy Byrd Turner (Harcourt, Brace: $1.60), and "Dimple Diggers," by Robin Christopher (Elm House: $2). A vital part of Miss Turner's book in which

> Young Prince Peter, suddenly once,
> For no real reason behaved like a dunce,

is Decie Merwin's silhouettes, as provocatively saucy as the poems. Both the elf-like figures and the verses have subtler and deeper moods tinged with the flavor of genuine poetry. "Dimple Diggers" is exquisitely published, but the form is only a fitting background for the contents. Hide and Seek, typical of its spirit, begins:

> When I am alone, and quite alone,
> I play a game, and it's all my own.
> I hide myself
> Behind myself,
> And then I try
> To find myself.
> I hide in the closet
> Where no one can see;
> Then I start looking
> Around for me.

Negligible as poems, Cecily Mary Barker's pocket series of "Flower Fairies" of the Spring, Summer, and Autumn (Macmillan: $1 each) have a definite charm in their water-color pixies, each endowing flowers with human attributes.

In "The Little Long Ago" (Dutton: $5), Laura Spencer Porter links the past with the present in a prose story that in its wistful appeal most nearly resembles the best of the season's poetry.

"Number Five Joy Street" (Appleton: $2.50) is the fifth of a series of short stories issued each year in book form. The work is a collaboration by well-known English authors, and has won a distinct place among children.

Caroline D. Emerson in "A Merry-Go-Round of Modern Tales" (Dutton: $2) gives an excellent example of what is meant by tales for children about familiar objects, tales in which reality triumphs over fancy. Lois Lenski, the illustrator, excellently interprets the author.

In "To and Again" (Knopf) the author, Walter R. Brooks, and the illustrator, Adolfo Best-Maugard, have shared to a nicety in producing a book about animals that is superior to all its animal contemporaries of the fall. Of the other animal books, "Mickey and the Monkeys" by Victorine Kirk (Viking: $2), has a dash and sweep to it, with an Irish lad dividing honors with the monkeys. There is a reprint of Richard Henry Horne's "The Good Natured Bear" (Macmillan: $1), with scissor cuts by Lisl Hummel. The story is laid in Germany —but it might have been anywhere—of the Bear who was a "foreigner to Society, who rode horseback with rather a round back, and his stirrups very short, but in other respects he sat well, like a portly gentleman on a journey, and held the reins with an air of consequence." A bear who tells his story to a group of children who are fond of him—as I was until he stepped out of character to make the happy ending. In "The Cat and the Captain," by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Macmillan: $1), cat lovers can follow the Cat, the Captain, and black Susannah through a hundred

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pages of large-type adventures, interpolated with cheery illustrations. If you are not biased in favor of cats, the tale fades out. "The Janitor's Cat," by Theodore Harper (Appleton: $2), is more literary, and apparently this is a virtue rather than a vice in cats. Tony the cat possesses magic of which only he holds the secret, and that in his whiskers.

There are a few books helpful for adults in teaching children music, sewing, simple cut-outs, and carpentry: "The Piece Bag Book" (Macmillan: $1.60), "Prince Melody in Music Land," with animated notes (Knopf); and "With Scissors and Paste" (Macmillan: $1.75).

"The Wind That Wouldn't Blow" (Dutton: $2.50) is the best of that increasing number of books which are a potential factor in real internationalism fostered by books for children about peoples and things that might otherwise remain of the unpleasantly strange. Arthur Bowie Chrisman has managed to put into his Chinese stories a lyrical quality and a quaint idiom, gently patterned with an undercurrent of humor.

There are also books on Sweden: "Children of the Moor," by Laura Fitinghoff (Houghton, Mifflin: $2.50); on Italy in Garibaldi's time: "Nimble-Legs," by Luigi Capuana (Longmans: $1.50); on Finland and Lapland: "Canute Whistlewinks," by Zacharias Topelius (Longmans: $2.50); on "Michael of Ireland," by Anne Casserley (Harper)—as much about fairies as Ireland; on France in the eighteenth century: "The Mystery of Castle Pierrefitte," by Eugenie Foa (Longmans: $2); and on Hungary, Turkey, Arabia, Java, South America, and other places all in one volume: "Tales Worth Telling," by Charles J. Finger (Century: $3.50). Grace Moon's "Nadita" (Doubleday: $2), treating of Mexico, and "Tewa Firelight Tales," by Ahlee James (Longmans: $2.50), about the American Indians, are about the strangers of our own continent.

Books

The End of Art

Men Without Women. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.

FROM Oscar Wilde to Aldous Huxley the favorite characters of our cleverest writers have been tired of everything except talk. Commonly represented as too lazy to work, too cynical to feel, and too disillusioned to believe, they have nevertheless never relaxed in their efforts to express themselves. Never weary of describing their weariness and never too bored to be voluble, they have polished their epigrams with a serious assiduity which seemed to belie the expressed conviction that nothing is worth the effort.

In many respects Mr. Ernest Hemingway is the heir of these gaudier sophisticates. He has received much of his education around the cafe table and, apparently, consorted much with the members of a generation which takes a certain pride in proclaiming itself lost. But either he has found them less verbally brilliant than they have commonly been represented or he has himself lost the last of their enthusiasms, the enthusiasm for things neatly said. Sometimes his characters are the illiterate heroes of the prize-fight or the bull-ring, and sometimes they are the bankrupt intellectuals who wander disconsolately from bar to bar in the forlorn hope that a drink will be more refreshing somewhere else, but the two classes have this in common: they are all but inarticulate. The one has never learned to express itself, the other has grown tired of choosing words, and so both talk the lazy, monotonous, undifferentiated idiom which is the common denominator of the relaxed intellectual and the roughneck. Spiritually the distinguishing mark of Mr. Hemingway's work is a weariness too great to be aware of anything except sensations; technically it is an amazing power to make the apparently aimless and incompetent talk of his characters eloquent, to make them say what they seem too inarticulate or too lazy to define with words.

Two men have descended after a winter's skiing in the higher Alps. "You oughtn't to ever do anything too long," says one. "No," says the other, "we were up there too long"; and something about the moment at which these remarks are introduced makes the reader suddenly weary both physically and spiritually. In another story a man and a woman are discussing (so we gather from oblique evidence) an abortion which the former is eager to have performed and to which the latter is wearily consenting. They have just tried a new drink. "'It tastes like licorice,' the girl said and put the glass down. 'That's the way with everything.' 'Yes,' said the girl. 'Everything tastes of licorice. Especially all the things you've waited so long for, like absinthe.'" Each of these conversations is in some sense quotable and therefore not entirely typical; each, too, involves the same trick (again repeated in the story of the drug addict who replies "They haven't got a cure for anything" to the suggestion that "they" have a cure for his disorder), and the trick consists in making the weary response to an individual situation imply a general hopelessness in the face of all situations; but much of the conversation is effective for reasons more difficult to analyze. It is apparently meandering and endlessly repetitious; it seems to require a page to make articulate the simplest idea; and yet this dialogue, standing almost by itself, is sufficient to make fourteen mostly very short stories both vivid and convincing. It appears to be the most meticulously literal reporting and yet it reproduces dulness without being dull.

Here, if you like, is art upon its last legs. For all his scrupulous detachment and his care never to say one word in his own person, Mr. Hemingway tells us both by his choice of subject and by the method which he employs that life is an affair of mean tragedies, and he tells us it as plainly as if he were devoting a treatise to the exposition of his ideas. In his hands the subject matter of literature becomes sordid little catastrophes in the lives of very vulgar people and its language the most undistinguished which can possibly be made by the most skilful manipulation to convey a meaning. And yet he possesses a virtuosity not short of amazing; once begun, none of his stories will allow themselves to be laid down unfinished. Mr. Hemingway's range may be narrow and his art "unimportant," but within the limits of what he undertakes in the present volume he is a master. These stories are painfully good. No one, whatever his artistic creed may be, can escape their fascination during the moments it takes to read them; and no one can deny their brilliance.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

The Record of "Al" Smith

Up From the City Streets: Alfred E. Smith. A Biographical Study in Contemporary Politics. By Norman Hapgood and Harry Moskowitz. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

"AL" SMITH is out of luck. For years it has been his proudest boast, or happiest jest, that only once has he sullied the virgin purity of his mind by reading a book. And now come along two volumes he simply must peruse—even if he has to steal the time from the reading that holds him spellbound, which is the official reports, typewritten and printed, piled up on the Governor's desk, or from playing with the elk and the doe and the turkey and monkeys, the birds and the five dogs and the other animals which make up his private zoo. The first of these books was Henry F. Pringle's life of himself; the second is the joint study by Messrs. Hapgood and Moskowitz.

We have no hesitation in wagering that he will like Mr.

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Pringle's best; it sparkles, holds one's interest—the human interest—and it has at points dramatic value. The other one is frankly quite disappointing as the work of two men so well qualified to tell the story. It is heavy and often dull; its very title is banal with its reference to those sidewalks of New York of which Al himself must be supremely tired. In their effort to be meticulously just and accurate and altogether encyclopedic, Mr. Hapgood and Mr. Moskowitz have unfortunately dropped into the old "Come-little-reader-and-let-us-take-you-by-the-hand-style" which makes them start one chapter in this wise: "This book began with the big new city and with little boys running around the docks. In the fifty years since Al Smith began to play in the streets, life has become faster and more crowded. In the metropolis a building is scarcely finished before it is obsolete"; while another chapter assures us at the start that "we now understand Smith's major purposes," and still another soothes us at its beginning with the news that "as we approach a transition in Alfred Smith's life, from the period when he was merely a member of the organization to the period when he began to be a force for progress, we may well grant truth to more than one explanation of what brought the change about."

This is unfortunate because the subject of this biography is enormously important and any book about him ought to reflect in some measure the Governor's own crisp, breezy style, his genuine charm, his wit, and his native common sense. Where Mr. Pringle jumped about with scant regard to periods, this life is conventionally chronological and chronologically conventional. It sounds, moreover, as if written to order; as if the authors never for a moment forgot that they were advocates making a case to prove that Al is ready and fit for the White House. In their eagerness to make their book a complete record of the man to whom they have plainly given their hearts, they have included much that is trivial, as well as facts never before printed. But the record is complete; it is a compendium of all that anyone need know about the work of the best Governor New York ever had. And an astounding record it really is when thus massed by Messrs. Hapgood and Moskowitz. No one else in public life outside of Washington, and only one or two there, can offer anything like it. There is here compiled amazing evidence of the Governor's independence, courage, and shrewdness, together with a concise and honest statement as to his long progressive record, his personal rectitude, his deep humanitarian feelings, his most admirable defense of free speech and free thought in America.

But there is no indication of what Governor Smith really thinks on international subjects like America's policy in the Caribbean, in the Philippines, in China, or toward Russia. The League of Nations is not mentioned in this book, the World Court but once. The page being blank, the Governor will himself have to write on it between now and the Democratic Convention. As it is, no newspaper editor or politician who desires all the facts can be without this volume, and likewise no citizen who wishes to know truths about the man who will either be the next Presidential nominee of his party or be the cause, by reason of his defeat, of his party's again going on the rocks.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Two Highly Prized Novels

Jalna. By Mazo de la Roche. Little, Brown and Company. $2.
Children of the Ritz. By Cornell Woolrich. Boni and Liveright. $2.

SINCE we did not see any of the other novels submitted to the *Atlantic Monthly* competition we are quite powerless either to hail or to begrudge the ten-thousand-dollar award to Mazo de la Roche for "Jalna." But we are not powerless to say that it is beautiful, engrossing, and unusual—a novel whose interest and action flow out of its extremely live characters and gorgeous scenery. Furthermore it does not read as if it had been written for a prize.

Jalna is the East Indian name of a Canadian estate populated by the Whiteoak family of Victorian numbers. The matriarch of the household is a fierce, tyrannical old woman. Around her are grouped children and grandchildren—most of them men and all of them of decisive cut. There is Eden the poet and Piers who deals in pigs, there is heavy Renny and Finch, an ill-tempered, misunderstood neurotic boy, there is Ernest who makes the study of Shakespeare his lifework and Wakefield, a delicate nine-year-old with an alert and charming mind. And there are others. Into this lusty English family is thrown a young American girl of secluded upbringing who marries Eden only to find that she has in a certain sense married his family. In the narrow, self-contained, forceful circle terrible ingrown situations arise. Amid the harsh quarreling and cruelty of this nest of crows Alayne finally decides to return to New York and her polite publishing-house job. But Grandma Whiteoak reaches her hundredth birthday intact and with an air of triumph.

Cornell Woolrich achieved ten thousand dollars, too. But his novel bears only too evidently the marks of conscious striving for the luscious movie prize. However, what he does so openly is being done furtively by many a novelist of late with his mind's eye intent on flickering rewards. "Children of the Ritz" is reeled off rather than written. Every other line reads like a subtitle. We can imagine Mr. Woolrich laboriously going over his manuscript and "wising it up." The hero punches the villain in the end and bears off the heroine in a taxi. Fade-out. All the book needs is a license number and Colleen Moore. Ten thousand dollars for this slim and painfully studied manuscript! Cornell Woolrich is a clever boy.

MARIE LUHRS

Children's Books in Brief

Funnybone Alley. By Alfred Kreymborg. Illustrated by Boris Artzybasheff. The Macaulay Company. $3.50.

Lavishly written and illustrated, this book ought to make an impression on the children for whom it is intended. But we doubt that it will. Mr. Kreymborg has made it too clear that he is utterly fanciful, has said too often to his young readers: "Come, let us throw our minds around just for the exercise there is in it, and because there is virtue in doing so." We suspect that most children like to believe what they are reading, even when they feel it is absurd. Mr. Kreymborg urges them to read what he tells them is not true. So while he and Mr. Artzybasheff have collaborated on a gorgeous book, we fear they have produced a dull one.

Animal Stories the Indians Told. By Elizabeth Bishop Johnson. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.

Stories dug by scholarship out of the oldest American folklore. Simply and expertly told, and illustrated with photographs of the animals concerned. The general make-up of the volume is excellent.

The Magic Pawnshop. By Rachel Field. Decorations by Elizabeth MacKinstry. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.25.

To the magic pawnshop near Jefferson Market Court that carried miracles in its dusty corners, nine-year-old Prinda goes in search of a miracle, and is taken on as assistant in the shop. Though her eyes are perfectly good her duties call for glasses. These glasses color all the events of the strange New Year's evening that follows. It is a delightful fantasy. For those parents that patronize pawnshops and find them a friendly institution, this book will be an invaluable aid to offset prejudice against them.

The Moon's Birthday. By Dorothy Rowe. The Macmillan Company. $2.

"Life is a game, and it is easiest to play if the heart is glad," said Mai Jen's father when they went to see the warty

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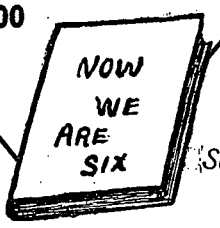

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frog. Warmth and understanding pervade these stories of Chinese children engaged in festivals and games after the manners of their own land. The illustrations have a nice comical twist.

Sails of Gold. New Prose and Verse. Edited by Lady Cynthia Asquith. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

This is a compilation of pieces specially written for it and contributed by such English authors as Milne, Belloc, Blackwood, and Buchan. It is perhaps mean-spirited to suspect them of withholding their best, but in spite of the fine array of names the result is meager.

The Lion-Hearted Kitten. By Peggy Bacon. The Macmillan Company. $2.

An uncommonly diverting book. Miss Bacon has an adult following which will trail her through any number of velvet-hung galleries for the bland and devastating wit of her black and whites. This will now be increased by a large number of children to whom art is not even a name but to whom gaiety and veracity are everything. Of course, any adult looking at these apparently veracious jungle animals will see that Miss Bacon has turned the same cocked eye on the jungle as she has on the human zoo. But they have a thrilling awesomeness, too. The text is less distinguished, but pleasant.

The Tiger Who Walks Alone. By Constance Lindsay Skinner. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

It hardly matters that this wild yarn of Central American revolution outdoes legend and history. The chile and jazz are condiments to as healthy a story of adventure as the season has brought forth. Miss Skinner knows and loves the faults and the virtues of Latin America and she has filled her book with a dozen characters from the life, with beasts and jungle and prehistoric weapons. Her melodrama has tropical exuberance, not mere artificial multiplication.

Gay-Neck. By Dhan Gopal Mukerji. E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.25.

This tale of a boy's experiences while keeping pigeons in India, relating in particular the prowess of one heroic carrier-pigeon, gives a charming and glamorous picture of an Indian boyhood. Alas, the latter part of the book runs to mysticism and the magnificent pigeon becomes merely a symbol; but the charm of the early part of the book is undeniable.

Red Crow's Brother. By James Willard Schultz. Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.75.

The second in the exciting series of adventures of Hugh Munroe, the frontiersman, by an author who has fascinated two generations of boys with his many Indian tales.

I Know a Secret. By Christopher Morley. Doubleday, Page and Company. $2.

Mr. Morley seems to us to have an unfortunate manner with children. He goes through the motions of entertaining them with his eyes fixed eagerly over their heads on their elders. Mr. Morley's little impromptus are carefully formulated—a little whimsy for the young, a little wisdom for the old—and sometimes he reverses the order. The formula for entertaining the young by which animals are made to do everything like human beings is a very old one and has magic. But its magic is not invariable. Mr. Morley's use of it is rather less successful than Lewis Carroll's. Merely to make animals go through complicated human operations does not seem to us humorous of itself, though a vast number of writers for children seem to think so. Animals who open tea-shops and run little Ford cars and give lectures do not seem amusing. Mr. Morley's creatures are no more imaginative than the thousands of others who follow this routine. Mr. Morley only pursues whimsicality more relentlessly. What Mr. Oliver Herford once said of someone else applies to him. He has a whim of iron.

Art

Composograph of the Dance

IN any art the multiplication of divergent ideals is a confusion to laymen, and a resulting annoyance to the artist who would have his work valued in terms of his own aims. At the opening of a new season, let us roughly distinguish a few of the diverse faiths that hide under the blanket term "the dance."

The learned branch of the profession should be mentioned first, in spite of the fact that at the moment its foreground is being occupied by musical-comedy stars such as Marilyn Miller and Mary Eaton. The ballet, calling at the outset for the gifts and industry necessary to achieve support and balance on the very toe-tips, is the purest form of the dance, independent of aid from "stories" and elaborate costumes, and so, nearly a fixed quantity. In this school an American name is beginning to stand out: Harriet Hoctor has already the technique of a great artist, and she may have the soul to match it.

Radically different is the conception known—in various aspects or quite indiscriminately—as "interpretative," "Greek," "aesthetic" dancing, "music visualization," and so on; the vaguest and broadest of schools, where if there are rules there are few penalties. Very generally speaking, the underlying purpose is to convey what the accompanying music means to oneself; to add a silent instrument to the orchestra. Unless extraordinary appreciative and interpretative gifts concur, this object is not attained, and the encounter between artist and audience is resolved by considerations of grace, comeliness, personality, and character. The tragic name of Isadora Duncan stood for all these gifts, but unfortunately the communicable portion of her art consisted principally of the bare purpose—practically, the license—which has been mentioned. Her successor may not soon arise, although it is pleasant to know that her protegée, Anna Duncan, is a personage in her own right.

Thirdly, there is the cult of Oriental dances, whose propheteess is Ruth St. Denis. When the latter made and acted upon her first researches, she introduced realism in this *genre* to the American stage, and although her sources were literary and pictorial, today, just back from a two-years' tour of the East with her company, she is in a position to be dogmatic. Natural grace, a strong sense of rhythm, and imitativeness may enable a novice in this school to satisfy lay spectators, but Miss St. Denis's pupils work hard. They must learn an intricate code of positions and movements of body, limbs, and fingers, based on rigid ceremonial and religious conventions (Miss St. Denis herself has a charming "dance" of arm, hand, and finger positions painstakingly collected from dozens of Chinese statuettes and paintings), and such performances as Charles Weidman's superb Cinghalese devil-dance and Ted Shawn's "Cosmic Dance of Siva" involve difficult feats of motion and balance.

Last among the "serious" schools mentioned here are European folk-dances, which range from infantile simplicity to fast and virile figures calling for natural agility and long training; practiced by immigrant societies, classes of school-children, and for the sake of motion and local color introduced into operas and operettas. A characteristic example of the latter use was furnished last spring by the Neighborhood Players in the Hungarian cycle "Ritornell," wherein the spirited dances were combined with folksong, brilliant costumes, and a thread of legend.

All these distinct traditions, with others, are inextricably interwoven in present-day programs. The toe-dance is amplified by the Russians into story-ballets; the same corps present Oriental legends and folk-dances from the steppes, and the extraordinary Simeon Karavaeff performs the violent squatting peasant dance as a clog, or on his toe-tips. The Denishawn troupe study the easier and imitate the severe ballet work; Miss St. Denis "interprets" Liszt; both she and Mr. Shawn have Spanish solos; with each one occasionally encounters highly developed pantomime. By Angna Enters we find pantomime

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carried frequently clean into the domain of Ruth Draper, which is to say, quite out of that of the dance. The Neighborhood Players accept on faith the title of Griffes's composition "The Lake at Evening," and their young ladies, recumbent beneath a great blue veil, make its surface undulate as "naturally" as anyone could ask. This, one notes, "visualizes" the generally arbitrary label rather than the music, and belongs with such other imitations as Pavlova's "Mort du Cygne."

There are numberless further overlappings and gradations: toe-dancers who double in acrobatics or, like Miss Miller, in tap-dancing, or in the grotesque, like Bolm; Orientalists who are equally contortionists, and so forth; the combinations tending to become incongruous as genuine ability diminishes, or as show-directors put their ears to the ground. Audiences want, not an evening's instruction in ideals and means theretoward, but an evening's entertainment, and showmanship will see to it that that entertainment suits more than one taste, keeps not too far from earth, includes plenty of motion and color, and sends the unconcerned majority away happy in the conviction that it has seen, at least partly comprehended, and still had a good time.

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A YOUNG man who has been accosted by a prostitute in Hyde Park becomes involved in an altercation with a plain-clothes detective. He gives him a blow upon the jaw and the detective, striking his head upon an iron rail as he falls, is killed. After serving two years of a five-year sentence for manslaughter the young man escapes from a prison camp on the moors and for about forty hours he is a fugitive until, weary of being hunted but wearier still of the hesitations and perplexities of the people upon whom he must thrust himself for help, he surrenders. Such is the story told through ten brief but vivid episodes in Galsworthy's "Escape" (Booth Theater), and simple as it is, it is made the adequate vehicle of a typically Galsworthian comment upon men and society. During the course of his few hours of freedom the hero of the play traverses a cross-section of English society, and except for the two or three instances when he comes in contact with people whose sense of self-righteousness is sufficient to allow them to indulge their vindictiveness with a clear conscience, he finds a general if somewhat wavering disposition to help him. Most of those whom he meets obviously hope that he will get away and yet they are hardly less willing to give him up than they are actively to aid him. They rationalize their unwillingness into something which passes as a sense of their duty to society, but that something is really fear. The sight of a hunted man awakens their pity but it stirs in them also a realization of the comforts of their own security. Society has as yet no license to harry them and it is as well not to cross the imaginary line which separates the hunters from the hunted, since he who does not pursue may be pursued, and he who is not part of the pack is in imminent danger of becoming one of the quarries. When the dogs are in cry it is better not to be caught showing any suspicious solicitude for hares, and when society is demanding its revenge upon one of its members whom it has cast out pity can hardly hope to ask for more than the averted eye. "I wash my hands of this man"—that is as near to the heroic as prudence can ever come.

A sense, rather sad than indignant, of this weakness inherent in even the nicest and most amiable people is typically Galsworthian, and so too is his almost unwilling recognition of the fact that the most generous impulses of his characters arise in those parts of their souls least likely to be reached by any formal or organized agencies for moral cultivation. The thing

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which puts them on the side of the victim of unjust justice is merely a sporting instinct—an impulse to give the under-dog a chance—rather than any high moral scruples, and the thing which favors that sporting instinct is a feeling not of righteousness, but of a glad recognition of enough original sin in oneself to enable one to recognize and forgive it in others. Compassion, Galsworthy seems to say, is the purest and least dangerous of human virtues, and yet compassion arises only out of a sense of our own weakness and guilt. Let humanity beware then of ever becoming too good. Linked though he is by his sociological preoccupations with Shaw and Wells, a certain laborious, impartial fair-mindedness—something giving birth to all sorts of doubts and perplexities—contributes to Galsworthy's work the flavor which distinguishes it from theirs. They are so sure they know what is wrong with the world and so confident their program would set it right that there is a suggestion of shrill scolding about their indictments and something cocky about their conclusions. They propose problems only that they may emerge triumphantly with the answers, and they sweep difficulties away with the simple assurance that "we will change all that." Galsworthy, on the other hand, does not deal so lavishly in solutions. More a simple humanitarian and less definitely a sociologist than either of them, he neither has nor needs to have their faith in the perfectibility of human society or human nature because his mood is rather that of a somewhat melancholy tolerance than that of any dogmatist come to lead a straying humanity back to the right path. Tender-hearted almost, at times, to the point of sentimentality, he is wounded deeply by the cruelties and injustices of life, but he has too little faith in the value of anger to be angry at them. Perhaps somewhat old-fashioned in his faith in the maxim *tout comprendre*, etc., he broods over humanity far more than he instructs it or inveighs against it; but, perhaps for that very reason, he is more successful in his efforts to love that humanity as he finds it than are most of those who are surer that they can make something decent out of mankind at last.

"Escape" is well acted by the members of a cast all of whom are good in spite of the fact that many appear only briefly in one episode, and the leading role is played most ingratiatingly by Leslie Howard. It is serious without being either heavy or didactic, and in a season during which good serious plays have been few it stands out conspicuously as the best new drama now on Broadway.

The group known as The Playwrights Theater has taken up a new home in the little Cherry Lane Theater and is there presenting a satiric, slightly "expressionistic" drama of social revolution called "The Belt." It has for its theme the mechanization of a workman in a factory evidently intended to suggest Ford's and for its action the story of an uprising upon the eve of a shut-down. The play suffers somewhat from the fact that its theme has become stereotyped in the hands of the "experimental" dramatist but it is written with considerable force and has one scene—that at "the belt" in the factory—which is extremely well staged. "If," Lord Dunsany's amusing if somewhat thin fantasia, is being capably revived by the old Neighborhood company at the Little Theater. "Behold This Dreamer" (Cort Theater) has Glenn Hunter in its leading role and he, with Tom Wise and Sylvia Field, saves an obvious and heavily written play from being anywhere near as bad as it deserves to be.

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The regime can persecute and scatter us, but it can never stifle our opposition, for it is impossible to eradicate a moral instinct. . . . The ideals of liberty and of justice have been ever present in our history. . . . By our faith in these ideals we know one another. By its contempt for them we recognize Fascism. Against our persons Fascism can employ bludgeons and handcuffs. Against our faith it is powerless.

Fascism denounces us as anti-national. But having taught our national history in schools and fought in the Great War for an ideal of liberty and justice, I cannot but feel that the example of the Risorgimento and that of the war point out to us the duty of today. To those who most clearly see their way falls the honor of setting an example to others.

When all remnants of resistance were crushed I felt it necessary to make some protest in vindication of a better Italy. This protest could only be effected beyond our own frontiers.

I have with Signor Turati a bond stronger than all our differences: devotion to the same ideals and aversion to the present regime. Signor Turati, by his high-mindedness and by the dignity of his life, is well fitted to represent to civilized Europe all those of us who condemn the darkness which has fallen on our country and desire to see again an Italy free and equal for all Italians.

This is not on our part the desire for an easy martyrdom. But since Fascist law calls us to answer for our act, we acknowledge with pride our responsibility. . . . The law of a faction, in sentencing us, will honor us.

FERRUCCIO PARRI

On May 26, 1927, Signor Mussolini made a speech in the Chamber in which, throwing mud at his victims, he read letters from interned opponents who renounced their political past and asked for mercy. He gave no names. Rosselli, Parri, and another young man, Riccardo Bauer, who were all interned in Ustica, wrote to the Duce to declare that if others repented of their past they did not do so; they would refuse even to take advantage of an amnesty, since it was not they who should be amnestied but the Duce himself who should ask pardon from the Italian people.

On the eve of the Savona trial Turati sent to the presiding judge the following declaration:

DECLARATION OF FILIPPO TURATI

Last October I was in a bad state of health. On the advice of my doctors I requested the prefect of Milan to provide me with a passport for abroad, since it was evident that in whatever health resort I might visit in my own country I should be exposed to trouble from the Fascists, whereas a period of absolute quiet was necessary to me. I presented my doctor's certificate and an X-ray report, showing that I was suffering from serious heart-trouble and threatened with angina pectoris.

The prefect agreed to forward this request to Rome and promised me an early reply. The only answer that I obtained was that the following day a numerous guard of police was posted at the entrance to my house, where it remained night and day. I was virtually a prisoner. The police were under orders to keep me always in sight, even accompanying me in my carriage if I left the house. This meant complete isolation for me, since none of my friends dared visit me, nor could I go to see them on account of the alarm occasioned by the inquiries of the police agents in the houses I frequented.

I protested in vain to the prefect against this treatment. I asked that if any charge existed against me I might be sent to prison. Life became insupportable. I was under continual threat of assault and invasion of my house. On the occasion of the last attempt on the "Duce's" life at Bologna, the commissioner of police forced me, in spite of my protests, to leave my house by night, accompanied by police, to take refuge elsewhere, as "he was unable to guarantee my impunity from aggression and invasion from the Fascists."

To find a little quiet I decided to leave my home and go incognito to stay with friends outside Milan. One evening in November I left my home by way of a back-staircase and a courtyard leading to a neighboring house, from which I was able to depart unobserved in the semi-darkness, while my guards remained talking together. I was received in his small house in the country of Varese by my old friend Signor Albini. I remained there until December 2, when, realizing that I was being searched for assiduously, and not wishing to be the cause of persecution to my hosts, I left this refuge. The next day the prefect of Milan, accompanied by an inspector of police sent expressly from Rome, descended on Albini's house with a force of police.

It was only then that, finding myself followed and threatened wherever I sought refuge, I began to feel the necessity of leaving the country. It was not my wish to leave. I was literally hunted from Italy by persecution as unworthy as it was illegal. My real accomplices are those who forced me to leave against my will. It was only when I perceived that my persecution became every day more persistent and insolent and that wherever I took refuge I only brought trouble on my friends, that I resolved to escape by sea. The decision was made by myself alone at the last moment in the humiliation of finding myself, for no legitimate cause, spied upon and watched like a criminal. This abuse of power and the refusal to issue me a passport was contrary to the custom of any civilized country and to the law of Italy itself. My act was one of legitimate reaction to illegal treatment.

Parri and Rosselli accompanied me. I had begged them not to come. They insisted on doing so, not because their presence was necessary, but simply out of devoted friendship to me in such a painful moment. . . . I shall be grateful to fate—despite the anguish of this recent ordeal—if the exile which afflicts my declining years bears witness to my faith and makes me an instrument, however obscure, of civilization, even after the immediate facts have perished in oblivion.

The trial at Savona resulted in sentences of ten months' imprisonment for each of the prisoners, but the government is not satisfied with this and will appeal.

Contributors to This Issue

RAMSAY MACDONALD, Labor Prime Minister of England, is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

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